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Victor Supremacy



THE THEATRE

MARCH, 1917



APRIL!
Hardly the month for roses you say.

We agree. Florists are rather expensive that time of year. Buy *her* a bouquet and see. But being lovers of beauty ourselves we have prepared a special treat for our readers.

AN AMERICAN BEAUTY NUMBER!

A special supplement containing exquisite full page portraits of the fairest flowers of the American stage—our most beautiful actresses.

Candidly, we in America admit that we're not in it when it comes to the "Low" Cost of Living, but as to our players—we challenge any country to show a gallery of beauty portraits to equal those in our next issue.



ARE you familiar with the "ologies," the "isms," and everything connected with the three "r's"?

In a word, are you a high-brow?

Don't let it worry you if you're not.

Channing Pollock, that charming and facile pen man, who wrote "The Pit," "Such a Little Queen," and "In the Bishop's Carriage," says that if you've playwright leanings it's a blessing if you're in the "uncultured" class. He tells you why in the April number.

Authors these days are writing down to the tastes of their audiences and while the People who go to the Theatre nowadays mostly have champagne pockets, their tastes are not much above beer.

Mr. Pollock protests against this lack of culture in our playwrights in the next issue.



APRIL 23rd—the anniversary of Shakespeare. You see, we never forget the poet.

To commemorate the occasion we shall publish a charming tribute to Shakespeare's mother written by Ian Forbes-Robertson.

Read it, ye lovers of the Bard, at ye sign of ye April THEATRE.



DO you want to catch a glimpse of your favorite player or singer as he (or

WE suspect Douglas Fairbanks of being the "Pollyanna" of the screen. He's the gladdest, happiest, cheerfulest radiator of joy on the stage.

Next month this "old Doc Cheerful" is going to tell you all about himself. His "Personal Reminiscences" are full of interesting facts about his career, his adventures in the movies, etc.

And sh! Here's a secret. Douglas is ready to fight for his country, too. Surely, he's an inspiration for the young manhood of the U. S. A.



WALTER PRICHARD EATON—the name's long, but it's a familiar one in literary circles.

Mr. Eaton is not only a discerning critic, but a forceful writer as well.

His article, "The 'Art' of the Motion Picture" in our April number will make some of these movie "fans" sit up and take notice!



AT last we're going to hand G. B. S. one. It's in the next number, entitled "George Bernard Shaw—A Left-Handed Compliment." G. B. S. has been getting a lot of praise lately (no, not in England) but in this land of the Almighty Dollar.

So as not to add to that conceit for which he is already famous, William Bolles has written this sprightly article.

Don't miss it!



AND—as a parting reminder.

Just glance at our opening paragraph.

THE AMERICAN BEAUTY NUMBER COMES NEXT.

The college boys have already suspended athletic activities to debate whether Tottie Coughdrop or Mabel De La Jones will get in.

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No. 193

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THE THEATRE IS PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE THEATRE MAGAZINE COMPANY, 8 EAST 39TH STREET, NEW YORK. HENRY STERN, PRESIDENT; LOUIS MEYER, TREASURER; PAUL MEYER, SECRETARY. SINGLE COPIES ARE THIRTY-FIVE CENTS; THREE DOLLARS AND A HALF BY THE YEAR.

she) steps into the playhouse before the matinee?

Do you want to see him (or her) before he dons the garb in which he either makes your sides ache with laughter or your heart melt with tears—

Do you?

Then see the next issue. Our camera's caught them all. Your favorite's sure to be included!



From a camera study by Maurice Goldberg

NANCE O'NEIL

As the Mother in "The Wanderer" at the Manhattan Opera House

THE THEATRE



THE AMERICAN DRAMATIST—WHY HE ISN'T

By GEORGE JEAN NATHAN



THE lot of the American who elects to write for the American stage is, to say the least, not a happy one. Presently by craft a dramatic critic, I am frequently given to speculation what I would do—how I would feel—were I myself to become a playwright and, so becoming, be compelled to bear the injustices that certain of my colleagues in the critical robes are in the habit of doling out, regularly and sourly, to the native-born dramatic writer. These critical injustices—injustices uniformly permitted to go on their way unrebuked because of that mental laziness which passes current and is mistaken for critical *esprit de corps*—I shall herewith resent and, please God and Mr. J. Ranken Cowse, essay to puncture.

The first smart of the lash which the American playwright is made inevitably to suffer from critical hands has to do with what one of the critics—otherwise a discerning fellow—has named our comedy of bad manners." Let an American playwright present a dramatic manuscript in which there are exhibited a number of characters possessed of bad manners and upon him will descend the aggrieved Hazlitts like so many hungry wolves, yowling "bad manners" at the top of their lungs and lamenting in equal fortissimo that our American playwrights are not one-two-three with the English playwrights in the stage matter of polite deportment and suave conduct. This is for the most part stuff and nonsense.



IF the American society play is, in good truth, approximately as "society" as the S. P. C. A., it is certainly not the playwright's fault so much as it is America's fault. If one demand of the American playwright that he hold the mirror up to American nature, why in the next breath berate the poor fellow because the mirror reflects *American* nature instead of Sir George Alexander's? There is no reason why a comedy of bad manners may not be as good art as a comedy of good manners. The whole business is apparently but a piece of carefully thought-out affectation on the part of the critics who hope, so by posturing a modish aloofness and sovereign *avoir faire* and *vivre*, to create in the criticized feeling of large awe.

The comedy of bad manners is well known, recognized and properly eulogized and appraised abroad. A gentleman is not afraid to be seen peaking to his valet on the street. A snob is. The manners of Pinero's "Preserving Mr. Pan-nure" are manners quite as bad as the manners of Tarkington and Wilson's "Man from Home," yet nobody howls down Pinero. To ask the authors to make a comedy of manners out of such a play as "The Man from Home" is as reasonable a request as to ask a charwoman to wear an evening gown when she scrubs the floor. Bad manners can be dramatized in terms of good manners no more than a Civil War theme can be dramatized in terms of a pillow-fight. The comedy of bad manners is an established institution in France and in Germany. Why, in the name of all that is honest, should we not also permit

our own playwrights to write such comedies? The author of "Snobs" was ridiculed for writing such a comedy when such a comedy was precisely what he was trying to write: a comedy of American bad manners. Why demand of our writers that they dramatize, and dramatize only, not what is, but what should be? Why not allow them, if they choose, to dramatize nature rather than man-millinery?



THE difficulty here is not so much with the American playwrights as with the American producers who, when they put on one of these American comedies of bad manners, generally cast the play with English actors. No wonder the result is so often a jocose dido. No wonder the result is not a straight-forward, honest and honorable comedy of bad manners but, rather, a mongrel and irrelevant something in which a character with a broad "a" and a pink handkerchief up his cuff is made to boast vulgarly to another character with a monocle of the incomparable virtues of his home town, Toledo, Ohio.

Fulda's "Jugendfreunde" is a very good comedy of German bad manners—and the Germans gladly admit it. Capus and Coolus and Bernard have done several very good comedies of French bad manners—and the French gladly admit it. Shaw's plays and Brighouse's are full of bad manners—and the English are delighted with them. Why shouldn't an American playwright be given an equally fair chance—a much fairer chance, indeed, since the comedy of bad manners is certainly more accurately and essentially a thing of the American soil and of Americans than it is of France or England or Germany?

Furthermore, good manners are not so dramatic as bad manners. The thing is simply a matter of practical theatrical economics. An amusement-seeking audience is vastly more entertained by a character who eats elaborately with his knife than one who eats in mannerly fashion with his fork. A man gorging twenty lamb chops and using only his hands in the strategy is, in terms of the theatre, certainly a more entertaining creature than a man eating but one with the proper utensils. The same argument holds true in the matter of drama as an art—and not merely, as above, as a box-office proposition. The bad manners of the American Tom Barry's "The Upstart" are better art than the good manners of the British Somerset Maugham's "Caroline"—and Barry's play is a very much better play.



THREE-FOURTHS of the Russian drama is drama of bad manners. The comedy of Molière will be found to contain quite so copious a share of bad manners as the comedy of such of our American playwrights as George M. Cohan who are the critics' favorite targets. Mr. Langdon Mitchell's excellent comedy "The New York Idea," generally regarded by the critics as one of the best examples of the American comedy of good manners, exhibits quite as many in-

stances of bad manners as does Mr. Hulbert Footner's exceedingly poor comedy, "Shirley Kaye," regarded by the critics as one of the best examples of the American comedy of bad manners. Manners, good or bad, have little or nothing to do with the case. It is not the manners, but the manner in which the manners are written, that should count with the critic.

More often than not it is the actor who is responsible for the transforming of an American playwright's good comedy of bad manners into a bad comedy of bad manners—and so confounds and confuses the more gullible critics and causes blame to be lodged upon the playwright. Let us, in this relation, consider the following bit of the garden scene—polished, well mannered—from Pinero's "Gay Lord Quex." I quote from the book of the play.

QUEX (*with tender playfulness, first glancing at the sleeping Lady Owbridge*): And so all these good things are to befall me after to-morrow?

MURIEL (*in a low voice*): After to-morrow.

QUEX: When I approach, I shall no longer see you skim away into the far vista of these alleys, or shrink back into the shadows of the corridors (*prosaically*)—after to-morrow.

MURIEL: No—not after to-morrow.

QUEX: In place of a cold word, a chilling phrase, a warm one—after to-morrow.

MURIEL: I am going to try.

QUEX: If I touch your hand, you'll not slip it behind your back in a hurry (*touching her hand*)?

MURIEL (*withdrawing it*): Not after to-morrow. (*She sits; he stands behind the stone bench, leaning over the back of it.*)



FIRST, imagine this scene, if you please, acted by finished and cultivated players. Now, imagine the scene, if you please, played—as it would likely nine times in ten be played—by our average café-trained Broadway mummers:

QUEX (*with a large artificial gardenia in the lapel of his conspicuously new evening coat and with a broad black ribbon draped diagonally across his shirt-front; with tender playfulness registered by toying with the lower button of his cream-colored silk waistcoat, and indicating with his thumb the sleeping Lady Owbridge*): 'nd so ahl these good things er to befall mi after to-morrow?

MURIEL (*in a low voice, looking to see whether Quex has stepped on the train of her gown*): After two-morra.

QUEX (*flashing a beautiful gold cigarette case and extracting a cigarette*): When I approach, I'll no longer see you skim away into the far vistar of these alleys, er shrink back into the shades of the corridors (*in a hoarse voice, gazing at her intently*)—after to-morrow.

MURIEL: No—not after two-morra.

QUEX (*drawing forth a beautiful platinum match safe, extracting a match, poised cigarette in his mouth, striking match on back of bench and lighting cigarette. After a puff or two*): In place of a cold word, a chilling phrase, a warm one (*replacing match safe and cigarette case in his pockets*)—after to-morrow.

MURIEL (*giving her gown a little pat to "settle" the skirt*): I'm going to try.

QUEX (*throwing his cigarette circumspectly into the wings and watching to see whether a stagehand has been careful to extinguish it*): If I touch your hand, you won't slip it behind your back in a hurry (*seizing her hand*)?

MURIEL (*pulling it away and looking at it*): Not after two-morra. (*She carefully adjusts her skirts so they will not become mussed and sits; he stands behind the stone bench, leaning on it with one elbow and with his free hand smoothing back his hair.*)

To blame the playwright, under such circumstances, for being a priest of bad manners is akin to blaming the bass-drum in the orchestration of one of Sigmund Romberg's compositions for one's ear-ache.



BUT the injustice to the American writer of plays does not halt here. When an American like Mr. Avery Hopwood, for example, writes a risqué farce like "Our Little Wife," the majority of his critics are disposed to hurl at him the stereotyped argument that, in risqué writing of this kind, it requires a Frenchman's delicacy of touch to make the theme inoffensive and acceptable. Here, also, we encounter a typical specimen of native critical fluff. If anything, Hopwood writes his risqué farces with the two-fold delicacy of a Frenchman. At the hands of Hennequin or Veber or Sacha Guitry or Paul Giffardi, for instance, a farce like that named above would be twice as broad, twice as vulgar, as the American Hopwood's.

When one bears in mind that it is a fixed tradition of the American farce stage (1) that babies are the result of clandestine kisses, (2) that a man is always horrified and greatly distressed when he finds himself locked in a hotel room with a pretty girl, and (3) that when a young unmarried couple find themselves compelled to remain over night in an isolated inn the clerk always takes them for man and wife—to the horror of the young man—when, as I say, one bears this inviolable and bizarre ritual in mind, one may well realize that most of the Gallic farce themes are already automatically deodorized and delicatessened before the American

playwright is permitted to touch them. When the American Miss Mayo's "Baby Mine" was produced in Paris, the Frenchmen, alarmed over its delicacy, injected a goodly dose of more obvious naughtiness into it. Hopwood's "Our Little Wife," were it rewritten or adapted by a Frenchman for the Paris stage, would be deleted of its present delicacy and made as dirty as a washstand in a sleeper on the Southern Railway.

The American critic permits the American playwright little, if any, liberty in the matter of postulate or initial thematic premise—and that little he permits him with the greatest condescension and reluctance. The postulate or the premise of an American's play must, by the critical voice, be ever probable, logical and consistent with the facts of life. Otherwise the playwright's work is made a thing of critical spoof. Six out of eight of the metropolitan criticisms of Miss Clare Kummer's "Good Gracious Annabelle" attested to this peculiar point of view. And the play, at that, was a confessed farce.

Mr. Edgar Selwyn told me not long ago that, to succeed in critical America, it was essential that a farce's first act convince its auditors of the sincerity of the farce (*sic*) and win the hearts of its auditors to the cause of its thematic protagonists. Mr. Selwyn is undoubtedly correct. But imagine such an imposition as "sincerity" upon a writer of farce—farce, a something designed merely to make people laugh and be merry. Imagine critical rules for such a thing! As well impose a strict technique upon a dialogue for Weber and Fields or upon the antics of a Marceline. By such a critical attitude, the American is discouraged, if not indeed altogether prevented, from writing brilliant, irresponsible, illogical, improbable things like Molnar's "Gardeoffizier" and is forced instead into composing such logical, probable slobbergobbles as "In for the Night."



IT is absurd to demand that the postulate of a play be logical and its theme in accordance strictly with the facts of life. What, by such

processes of ratiocination, would become of half the great or half-great plays of all time, from "Oedipus Rex" on? The stage is a stage, not a stern court of law. To deny a playwright any premise he chooses to offer is to forbid him the first aids to satire and paradox, to the sprightly exercise of his imagination, to a foundation for a grade of humor somewhat above the humor of the Erie Railroad, chin whiskers and Josephus Daniels.

The American critical fraternity must answer someday for killing or attempting to kill, by injustices such as these, the aspirations and hopes of such promising young American writers of satiric comedy as Tom Barry, such genuine talents for delicate farce as Avery Hopwood, such keen appraisers of American bad manners as George Bronson Howard, such courageous and clear-visioned writers of honest crudities as the Edward Sheldon of "The Song of Songs"....



IF, therefore the American dramatist, as Europe knows him, is a faint creature, a mere fellow for mock and nose-fingering, it may be that—in certain instances, at least—it is not so much his fault as some have been cajoled into believing.

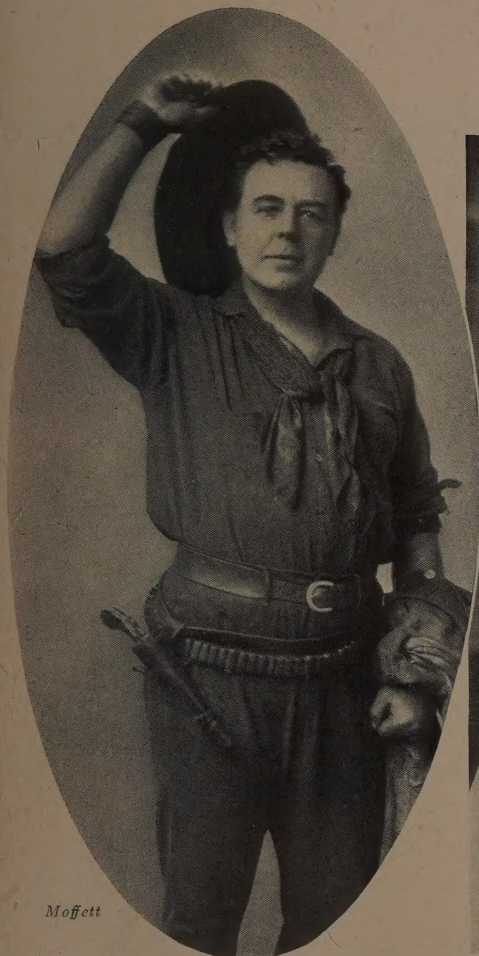
In other and more frequent instances, however—ah! here is a different matter! Where the Hazlitts has been so often dark to the virtues of our genuinely talented writers of plays, it has on the other hand been equally so often quick to proclaim with high gusto the writers of plays who have no genuine talent whatever.

The result is plain.

The Charles Rann Kennedys and the George V. Hobarts swarm the Broadways of the United States and up and down the Rialtos are heard loud the voices of the Jules Goodmans and the Charles Kleins. But to find a real dramatist, a dramatist capable of writing adult plays for well-educated, well-traveled, well-fed adult Americans, one must indeed stop long and look till astigmatism sweeps the eye and listen—and listen to the cables!



A SILHOUETTE IMPRESSION OF THE COCOANUT GROVE, ATOP THE CENTURY THEATRE



Moffett

HENRY MILLER

Who is playing his original role, Stephen Ghent, in the revival of "The Great Divide," at the Lyceum



White

Sydney Shields and Bert Lytell in a scene from "If" at the Fulton



ELIZABETH RISDON

As Julia Hazeldeane, in Granville Barker's new comedy, "The Morris Dance," at the Little Theatre

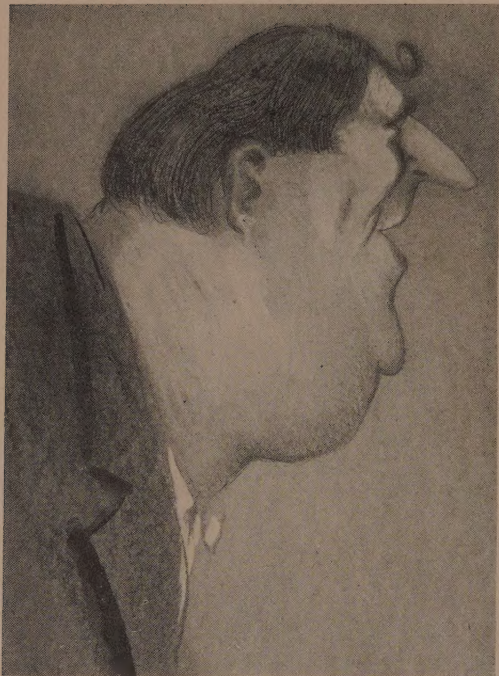


White

Scene in Andreyeff's Play, "The Life of Man," as Presented by the Washington Square Players at the Comedy

RUSSIAN, ENGLISH AND AMERICAN DRAMA ON BROADWAY

THE MEN WHO ROAST THE PLAYS-NEW



The hardest thing Heywood Broun, ex-baseball expert of the *Tribune*, does is to remember whether he is writing a dramatic critique or a baseball report. "Ty Cobb was convincing as the hero," he always wants to say, "and William Faversham spanked the pellet on the nose for three sacks"



Rennold Wolf, of the *Telegraph*, likes dull plays. They give him lots of time to be composing speeches for the next banquet at the Friars' Club, and also to be wondering why Flo Ziegfeld doesn't ask him to write the "Follies" again



Louis De Foe, who writes pieces for the *World*, is the oracle who stands out in the lobby between acts and tells the younger critics what they really think of the play. He is thus first aid to unanimity in our justly celebrated metropolitan dramatic criticism



Behold Charles Darnton, dramatic observer for the *Evening World*, conjuring up a complimentary phrase about the new piece that the managers will be likely to put in electric lights on Broadway. Charles really ought to draw royalty from the Edison Company



No wonder Lawrence Reamer looks gloomy. The play, as usual, is rotten—but how can he say so and yet not clash with the *Sun's* new policy—"Malice toward none and charity for all"?



Louis Sherwin, the critical prophet of the *Globe*, has the beak of a Columbus. That is why he can go right into the first theatre he sees and with one eye closed discover among the supers a new Richard Mansfield or a second Edwin Booth



When you cross the path of George Jean Nathan, *Smart Set's* funny play reviewer, be sure to wear a scathe-proof suit, for George is the world's champion standing broad scather. He is also, by his own unanimous choice, President of the Amalgamated Self-Haters of the Universe

YORK CRITICS AS SEEN BY JOHN HELD



Clayton Hamilton, who writes "high-brow" stuff for *Vogue*, is the solemn party the managers let in on second nights. After consulting Brander Matthews he hands down that momentous decision, as to whether the new piece breaks the Rules of Playwriting, which the public always awaits in breathless suspense

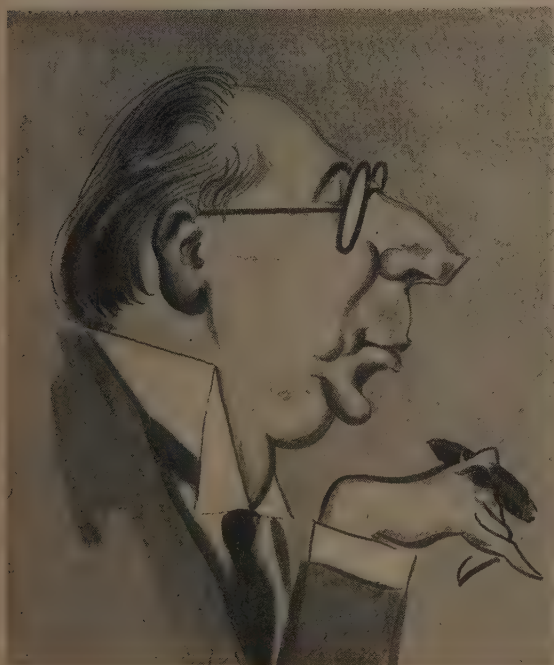


Burns Mantle, the *Evening Mail's* sprightly reviewer, is the more or less young Lochinvar who came out of the West—the jungles of Chicago journalism, to be exact—and grasped the bull of the New York drama by both horns. He is still laboring valiantly to throw it



Alexander Woolcott rarely goes to the theatre without first getting out an injunction or being himself injunctioned. He is here shown reflecting on the deep mutual affection existing between him and the Shuberts, and how much it has cost

The Times



The panes in Welch's goggles are said to be pink, so that all newspapers look to him like his beloved *Evening Telegram*. Naturally, unless a new play is extremely drab, he is bound to take a rosy view of it



One of the sole survivors of the old guard, Metcalfe, of *Life*, appears here without the false whiskers which used to get him into K. and E. theatres, even when the lobbies were full of secret service men posted there to boot him out



"Mr. Hornblow Goes to the Play," but he would rather stay at home. Can you blame him, seeing the kind of plays managers are handing out nowadays?

IS THE STAGE IMMORAL? A REPLY TO FATHER BURKE

By GEORGE BROADHURST

AUTHOR OF "BOUGHT AND PAID FOR," "THE MAN OF THE HOUR," ETC.



I HAVE been invited by THE THEATRE MAGAZINE to reply to the article entitled "The Stage and Public Morals" published in the February THEATRE and written by the Reverend John J. Burke, C. S. P., Chairman of the Bulletin Committee of the Catholic Theatre Movement.

The pleasure of replying is considerably increased by the knowledge that the article in question—reiterating as it does the time-worn slanders about the stage, dealing as it does in dogmatic but unsupported assertions and in loose generalities without the giving of a single basic fact—is not, as is usual in such cases, the work of a notoriety seeking pulpiteer, but is from the pen of a man who is, to quote THE THEATRE, "one of the most eminent and influential men in the Catholic Church," and who holds an important executive position with a great theatre movement. Such a man is responsible for the thing he writes and I intend to hold Father Burke to that responsibility.

When Father Burke speaks of the Catholic Theatre Movement he probably speaks whereof he knows; when he writes of the question of sex and the drama of to-day he either writes of something of which he knows nothing or he deliberately states things which are untrue. His action in either case is equally reprehensible. If he does not know the facts he has no right, even as an individual, to attack the stage without such knowledge, and this lack of right is multiplied and emphasized when he does it as a Churchman and as an official of a great public movement.



OF the Catholic Theatre Movement I have little to say; it is small concern of mine. I cannot, however, refrain from quoting and commenting on the rules, as given by Father Burke, which govern it in the selection of the plays to which it gives its approval. These rules are:

"A play must not in regard to morals occupy debatable ground."

"There should be a general agreement that a play is clean and wholesome."

"The appeal should be simple and universal."

"The play should be fit for theatre-goers of all ages and suited to various tastes."

The application of the above rules would ban nearly all of the plays of Shakespeare, Sudermann, Ibsen, Schiller, Molière, and in fact, a big majority of the plays of all the great minds that have given themselves to the theatre. "Hamlet" would be anathema; and "The Doll's House," "Ghosts," "Monna Vanna," "Magda," "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," "The Master," "The Easiest Way," "The Great Divide," "Michael and His Lost Angel," and practically all plays written for adult minds would be taboo.

Father Burke says—and this has always been the tune piped by superficial commentators on their contemporary stage since first the drama began—"There is no question as to the fact that our own stage has fallen to a pitifully low estate." I certainly question this fact, but even if the assertion were true, were the rules adopted by the Catholic Theatre Movement to be applied generally to our stage, then the stage would sink to a state infinitely below its present level. It would be practically impossible to produce anything worthy of serious thought. None but the kindergarten mind could possibly be appealed to. Evidently the Catholic Theatre Movement is of

the opinion, that its members are, mentally perennially infantile. They are always to be fed on pap.

Father Burke writes: "A discussion of abstract principles is always agreeable—and uninteresting." With this I agree fully. I also believe that unsupported assertions and generalities should not be allowed to pass as facts, and I now ask Father Burke to join me in finding out what are the facts regarding our stage and what he terms the "dry rot of sex." In doing this I repeat deliberately my former assertion that in writing on this subject as he has done Father Burke *either writes of something of which he knows nothing or he deliberately states things which are untrue.*



AFTER writing that a particular evil besets the stage to-day and naming that evil as "the dry rot of sex" and saying "Write sex in capital letters and like the huge electric signs on Broadway it will show you the entrance through which much of our modern drama gains access to the stage," Father Burke brings his accusations to a climax with the following words: "In every form, suggestive word or act or silence, subtle innuendo, outspoken indecency, flagrant nakedness, the atmosphere of sex obsesses the stage to-day. *There is hardly a play free from it; and by sex we mean not the legitimate appeal or office that this strongest of human instincts has in the drama, but the appeal of lust, of the excitement of the merely animal passion.*" The italics are mine.

I deny this, Father Burke, deny it absolutely, unequivocally and without any mental reservation whatsoever. Moreover I brand it as a slander, a slander as foreign to the truth as any that has ever been uttered against the stage since it first came into being. Fortunately this is not a question merely of your opinion and of mine, it is a question of fact and so let us get down to the fact.

The following is a list of plays running, at this writing, in the first-class theatres of New York:

"The Music Master," "A Kiss for Cinderella," "Ception Shoals," "Old Lady 31," "Getting Married," "The Man Who Came Back," "The 13th Chair," "Nothing But the Truth," "Upstairs and Down," "The Lodger," "Shirley Kaye," "Her Husband's Wife," "Come Out of the Kitchen," "In for the Night," "The Harp of Life," "Little Lady in Blue," "Seremonda," "Turn to the Right," "Captain Kidd, Jr.," "The Yellow Jacket," "Good Gracious Annabelle," "Cheating Cheaters."



THERE they are. In my opinion it is about the cleanest set of plays I have seen in New York during my connection with the stage and I have been writing for it for some twenty years.

I claim that a big majority of the above plays do not touch on the sex question in any way or manner; I claim that not five per cent. of them have "the appeal of lust, of the excitement of the merely animal passion." Father Burke claims that there is *hardly a play free from it*, and mark you, those are his exact words.

Hardly a play free from the appeal of lust indeed! What of "Good Gracious Annabelle," "The Yellow Jacket," "Captain Kidd, Jr.," "Turn to the Right," "Little Lady in Blue," "The Music Master," "A Kiss for Cinderella," "Old Lady

31," "In for the Night," "The 13th Chair," "Nothing But the Truth," "Shirley Kaye," "Her Husband's Wife," "Come Out of the Kitchen," and "The Lodger"? I ask you, Father Burke, is there even a hint of lust in any one of them?

I have given a list of plays current in New York and Father Burke has stated that there is hardly one of them free from "the appeal of lust, of the excitement of merely animal passion." I now challenge Father Burke to prove his claim by naming the plays to which he has reference or I call on him to write to THE THEATRE and acknowledge that his claim is unfounded.

What is the peculiar hypnotism of the theatre which makes a man of learning and of high office, a man whose experience and training should have taught him to speak only of what he himself knows, write of the stage as one having authority when he knows nothing about it of his own knowledge? How many of the plays I have named has Father Burke seen I wonder? How many plays has he attended during the entire season? Has he been to them all? Has he even witnessed a majority of them? I cannot believe that he has or he would not write, as he does, that "It has become almost impossible for a man to take a woman he respects to a play in New York—unless he has first become acquainted with the play—without fear of having her womanhood insulted." Here is another of the sweeping generalities so dear to the heart of the smug and complacent critics of the theatre who never by any chance bring forward any facts to prove their assertions and who base their charges partly on what they have heard, but mostly on what they have imagined. Why get down to such common things as facts when making charges against the theatre? It simply isn't being done. Revile the theatre; attack the plays; slander the men responsible for the drama as it is, but try to prove anything—oh, dear, no—that is never the way of the self-constituted critic of the morals of the playhouse!



FATHER BURKE says: "We believe the public is sound at heart; the great success of clean plays is the best proof of this, and the further proof is that as a rule the indecent play has not a very long run." This is the simple truth. To us who live by the theatre it is axiomatic. Cleanliness in plays makes for success and indecency in the end spells ruin. Name the really big successes, the plays that have made the large fortunes for their owners, and you will find that not one of them is based on the appeal of lust. Every theatrical manager of experience knows this and yet Father Burke would have us believe, that in spite of this knowledge, nearly every play they produce has this appeal of lust, the very thing which kills the chance of success and which absolutely destroys the possibility of tremendous returns. Could anything possibly be more absurd?

We now come to the most astounding, the most slanderous charge in Father Burke's entire article; we come to his attack on the authors and the producers of plays. He writes, in so many words: "Nevertheless, it is true that the license of indecency is extending wider and wider. The indecent suggestion is deliberately introduced into plays that of themselves give no reason for such introduction." So that its full significance may be realized, so that the charge Father Burke makes against man— (Concluded on page 188)



William Elliott
and Nance O'Neil

Act I. The home of
Jesse near Hebron
a thousand years
before Christ



Florence Reed

William Elliott

Act II. Tisha induces
Jether to renounce the
God of Israel



Photos White

Lionel Braham (Centre)
Florence Reed (Right)

Act II. The orgy in
the house of Nadina



William Elliott

Act III. The return of the prodigal

SCENES IN "THE WANDERER" AT THE MANHATTAN OPERA HOUSE

EARLY AMERICAN DRAMATISTS

NO 4—MRS. MOWATT

By MONTROSE J. MOSES



THE study of social manners is one of the most interesting phases of the drama.

However unliterary some of the early American plays may be, they nonetheless reflect the social life of the time, and one can trace with the advance of the theatres up Broadway in New York City, the advance in social centres: from the Battery, where the young ladies in Royall Tyler's "The Contrast" used to parade on Sundays, to the Astor House on Vesey Street, opposite the old Park Theatre, to Union Square, where grand opera at the Academy of Music was talked about in Daly's "Under the Gaslight," thence to the Madison Square Theatre, where Belasco's "milk and water drama" first introduced quiet acting. If we do not take "The Contrast" as the first attempt at depicting New York manners (that play has all the credit it deserves in the fact that the first stage Yankee held forth in it)—then Mrs. Mowatt's (1822-1870) "Fashion" marks an epoch in the American society fashion drama.

Mrs. Mowatt's "Fashion" was an accident. The fact of the matter is that Mrs. Mowatt as an actress was herself almost an accident, pushed on the stage by the vagaries of ill fortune. So excellently well has she outlined the perturbations of mind which prompted her to write this piece, and so graphically has she herself described the troubles of rehearsals, that no one writing about Mrs. Mowatt can ignore that part of her "Autobiography of an Actress, or Eight Years on the Stage," which describes "Fashion's" production.



MRS. MOWATT was one of the important New York literary figures in the time when Edgar Allan Poe was doing dramatic criticism and book reviewing on one of the local papers. She was born abroad, and acquired some of that French vivacity which surrounded her in her early years. Brought up in a large family, she, being the tenth child, early acquired a taste for private theatricals which did not abate in the least when Samuel Ogden, her father, moved his family to New York. At the age of fifteen, Anna married a lawyer, Mr. James Mowatt, the courtship taking place very largely during the girl's journeys to and from school. The consequence is that when she was married under the romantic conditions of an elopement, the husband continued the education thus suddenly interrupted.

According to the fashion of the time, there was little outlet for any show of native powers in a woman, the only channel open to her being the art of letters. Thus we find Mrs. Mowatt posing, not only as a poet, but as a novelist, writing under the romantic pseudonyms of "Isabel" and "Helen Berkley."

Most of the "female" poets of the time, if their own friends are to be believed, were thrust into publication through the admiring persuasion of their friends. So, Mrs. Mowatt was confronted by one "E. S." (probably Epes Sargent) with the proposal that she write a play and submit it to the managers of the Park Theatre. The very fact that she asked whether it should be comedy or tragedy shows very well that Mrs. Mowatt had not thought of the theatre as a vehicle for artistic expression, nor had she weighed her ability, nor fathomed her own vivacity. "E. S.," however, was wiser than she, for he said: "You will have a fresh channel for the sarcastic ebulli-

tions with which you so constantly indulge us." Mrs. Mowatt confesses that this was true, that in conversation as well as in her writing her sharpness of tongue sometimes got the better of her. And so her mind instantly turned to American *parvenuism*, a treatment of which inevitably brought down upon her the accusation that in "Fashion" she was holding some of her acquaintances up to ridicule. This, she flatly denied, even though she acknowledged that Adam Trueman was a portrait from life.

There were no attempts in "Fashion" at fine



MRS. ANNA CORA MOWATT
Author of "Fashion"

writing, she declares. "I designed the play wholly as an acting comedy (and it acts well even today), a dramatic, not a literary success was what I desired to achieve. Caution suggested my not aiming at both at once." In due time the finished manuscript was offered to Manager Simpson of the Park Theatre, and it was not long before the play was accepted, with the assurance that it would be produced in suitable magnificence.

"Fashion" was first presented at the Park Theatre on March 24, 1845. The prologue was written by Epes Sargent, and in its spirit excellently well displayed that prejudice which the theatre audience of the day had against the native drama, and which made them accept anything of a London stamp as being perfect. We must remember that, at this time, there was tremendous ill-feeling between the English and American actors. When, shortly after this, E. L. Davenport joined forces with Mrs. Mowatt and went to London to play, he was continually flaunting his native characteristics in the face of the Englishman, his pride being continually ruffled by the slurs put upon him because he was an American actor. The consequence is that when Epes Sargent said in his prologue:

"Bah! homemade calicoes are well enough,
But homemade dramas *must* be stupid stuff.
Had it the London stamp, 'twould do—but then,
For plays, we lack the manners and the men!"

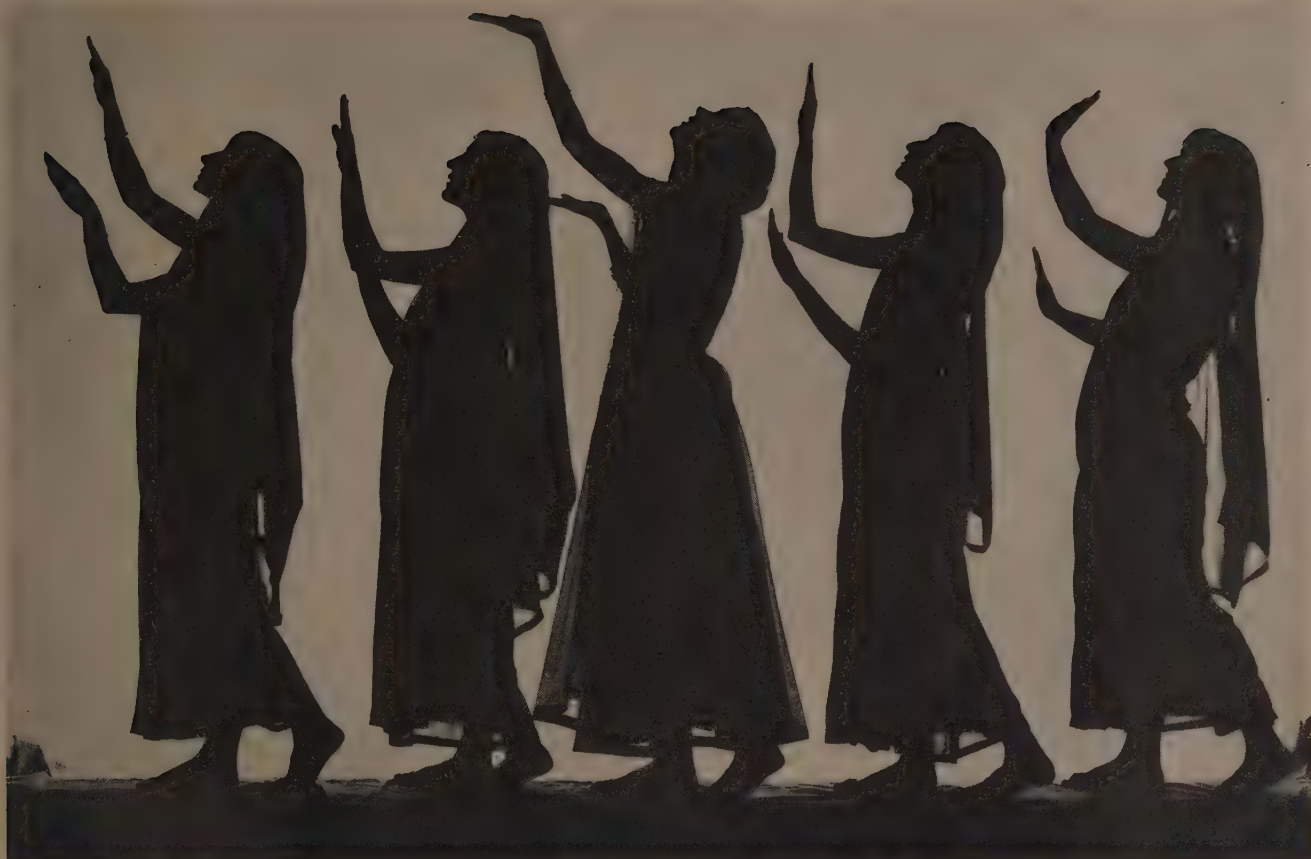
he was reflecting some of the spirit of the time, some of the international discourtesy which resulted in Lowell's essay, "On a Certain Condescension in Foreigners."

Then "Fashion" began its successful career, so successful indeed, that during its run in New York it was likewise given a production in Philadelphia under the excellent stage management of W. Rufus Blake at the Walnut Street Theatre, where Mr. Blake, himself famed for his old men, enacted the part of Adam Trueman. It was at this first night that Mrs. Mowatt in her box was given white satin play bills printed in gold letters, after the fashion of the day, whenever a Jubilee occasion occurred, and it was here that, for the first time, she was obliged to rise and curtsy to an enthusiastic house. She confesses, "I little thought that in less than two months I should curtsy to an audience from the stage of that very theatre."



THERE is no need to go into the small details of the history of "Fashion." These may be found, not only in Mrs. Mowatt's confessions, but in records connected with the life of E. L. Davenport. We know, however, that though it was received with éclat, and though Edgar Allan Poe, writing for the *Broadway Journal* as dramatic critic, went repeatedly to see the play in order not to miss any of its good points, he was finally obliged to write in a derogatory manner on March 29, 1845, condemning it for its lack of originality and invention, and disliking its theatricalism which took the place of real dramatic quality. But on April 5th, Poe wrote another article on the play, in which he began his analysis in this manner: "So deeply have we felt interested in the question of "Fashion's" success or failure, that we have been to see it every night since its first production; making careful note of its merits and defects as they were more and more distinctly developed in the gradually perfected representation of the play."

Whether or not the success of "Fashion" brought to Mrs. Mowatt many offers from the theatre managers we do not care. Certain it is, however, that her attention was more and more being drawn to the stage and that pressure was being brought to bear upon her, since she had won for herself unstinted praise as a reader, to try her own hand at acting. There is a general impression that Mrs. Mowatt herself played in "Fashion" during these initial days. But there was no part in this drama which attracted her sufficiently to undertake it, except on one or two rare occasions, after she had determined to go upon the stage. Her health at the time was not of the best, and this, in a way, limited her public engagements. However, her attitude toward the theatre—an attitude which the society of the time had taken of social inequality of actors—was changing considerably, probably because of her association with members of her companies at the Park Theatre, and at the Walnut Street Theatre. Certainly, Mrs. Mowatt had much to consider in becoming an actress, because of the fact that she was so closely connected with the society of her time. Nevertheless, this did not deter her, and she was abetted by Mr. Mowatt, whose interest in the theatre was very pronounced. The consequence is that after careful weighing of the matter, she made (Concluded on page 188)



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SCENE IN "THE TEMPLE MAIDEN" A SILHOUETTE DANCE OF INDIA SEEN IN VAUDEVILLE

Roshanara was the first to present a silhouette play against a color background. The effect of her play, "The Temple Maiden," against its background, of rich, ever changing light, was startlingly beautiful



White

Sarah Shields

Aimee Dalmores

Edwin Nicander

Mary Shaw

SCENE IN MRS. MOWATT'S PLAY "FASHION" AS GIVEN BY THE DRAMA LEAGUE

This production was of unusual interest, the play being written over seventy years ago on a theme still very dear to the feminine heart. In spite of the flight of time the piece retains the wit and humor that made it one of the much talked about plays of that early period. The reproduction of the old-time sets and costumes interested vastly the modern Broadway audience

NAZIMOVA—AN APOSTLE OF THE DRAMA



THERE is just as much symbolism of its kind in 'Ception Shoals,' as in—say 'The Wild Duck' or 'Little Eyolf.' The little Eve foredoomed at birth to perish for want of light in a lighthouse, and live and die without a glimpse of love, which after all is the religion of the Bible, even while she is chained to all that is grim and awful in 'religion' as that beautiful word was perverted and set awry by her fanatical uncle, is symbolism that is Greek in its stern and inescapable truth."

It is Alla Nazimova who speaks and who, so speaking, stands forth as an apostle of the drama. "What is the mission of the stage?" she cried in answer to my question. "Exactly the mission of the lighthouse: nothing more; nothing less. To warn the man, the woman, the child embarked on that perilous sea we call life of rocks ahead, to show the clear channel, to pierce the fog of doubt and disbelief, to warn, to show the safe channel."

It was a foggy, snowy, wind-swept and altogether gloomy twilight in Thirty-ninth Street. A wind-blown mist thick as battle smoke, drifted across the face of the town and through the poisonous haze, the lamps of Broadway flickered with a sinister flare and winked wickedly.

Out of the door of the Princess Theatre, a record-breaking audience, the largest in the history of the theatre, was tearing itself away from the spell woven by Nazimova's compelling art, and losing itself in the enveloping fog. Except for the wind that went howling down the street, everything and everybody seemed benumbed and stricken to a dumb silence that seemed to fit the mood of the chill, grey hour.

Two flights up the wide stone stairs, and along a tortuous corridor, empty save for a grim, ironic water cooler, I tip-toed to the star dressing room, the spell of the grim play still upon me.



I SHOULD like to tell you that I found the tragic star in a Greek attitude weeping over the woes of womankind. But, alas, having reduced her audience to a pulp and created an atmosphere of horror and despair that made the twilight gloom outside seem a positively rollicking effort of the weather bureau, Madame Alla was laughing like a girl at the latest funny story from Dartmouth College related by her manager, Walter Wanger.

"How can you laugh," demanded I bitterly, "after your heart-rending performance this afternoon? I never mean to smile again in my whole life—never."

Madame Alla laughed again; a vibrant laugh as though gloom and doom and she had never met on speaking terms.

"What's the use of a thing like 'Ception Shoals,' anyway?" I snarled.

Nazimova dashed with fire and spirit to the defense of her latest play.

"Surely," she cried, "the splendid symbolism of it all cannot have escaped you!"

"Symbolism?" I faltered, "and is symbolism the language in which the stage is stating its thesis, its mission these days?"

And then Madame Alla set forth her beliefs as chronicled in the opening paragraph of this story.

"But the story of Eve, while it is a possible story, fails to carry a broad message," I objected, "because not one woman in fifty millions is born in a lighthouse and brought up without seeing a single man or woman to whom she may voice her doubts or her dreams."

"That is where you show yourself so superficial in your understanding," wailed Nazimova, "you miss the beam from the lighthouse! It isn't that Eve stands for all questioning maidens, it is that the spirit of the lighthouse, the spirit of saving illumination, is dead in an age of perverted scriptural study, when the beautiful truths of life, as written in the Bible are twisted into immodesties and religion made a nasty and unconsecrated thing by a bitter perversion of The Lighthouse Book. Doesn't the very Bible begin with Genesis? Doesn't it end with Revelations? 'Ception Shoals' is a plea and a protest. It isn't a 'sex play' in the sense with which that term stamps itself upon the drama to-day. It protests against the perverted thing that is grim and cruel and false in the name of religion, and it pleads for life illuminated by the light. Eve's cry in the first act where, standing silhouetted against the broken ribs and keel of a wrecked ship (symbol of the life from which light is withdrawn and which goes to shipwreck by reason of its darkness), she cries for her heritage of life, *Life, LIFE*; that cry is the keynote of the piece—and that that note strikes a chord in the heart of men and women is proven by the fact that we are obliged to seek a new theatre to accommodate the audiences who overflow the little Princess.



Of course, you will not produce anything else while 'Ception Shoals' continues to pack the theatre," I ventured commercially.

"Indeed we shall," cried Madame Nazimova. "There are other phases of life to exploit, and art is not satisfied with a single expression. Already we have 'A Doll's House' in readiness for a series of special matinées, and I can scarcely wait to produce a capital adaptation of 'La Locandiera,' a comedy gem familiar to the Italian stage, which has not been done here in English."

Then a little chat, of course, about Duse, who did 'La Locandiera' as a part of a double bill with 'Cavalleria Rusticana.'

"Shall you do Santuzza in 'Cavalleria,' too?" I asked.

Nazimova's face fell. "No, I cannot, I cannot," she cried tragically.

"Why not?" I persisted. Like fluttering birds of doom, high over her head Madame Nazimova's hands made motions of flight far away from the subject.

"Because I have seen Duse play the rôle," she said. "I can never feel that any part I have seen another woman play belongs to me. Always I visualize the actress as I have seen her play the rôle, and I cannot bring myself to a belief that it belongs to me."

Nazimova sighed profoundly. She would like to play Santuzza, I think.

"The instant I read a play," she continued, "the moment the characters are placed before me, I can see them, I can see not only their live bodies, but their live minds. I know how they feel, how they reason, how they are happy, how they suffer. The poor little puppets are alive. Nora, Hedda Gabler, Rebecca West, the Rat wife, Bella Donna, Eve, they are all living creatures."

"They are like children. When they do things that fail to fit the character and circumstance of the play, I am disappointed; I loathe playing them. That is why Ibsen women are so wonderfully attractive to play; they are created with such marvelous logic, and such inexorable and

inescapable destiny follows the things they do. I do not see how anyone can play Ibsen and not become more or less a fatalist. Men and women seem such poor puppets. If they are 'captains of their soul,' they certainly resign their commission before going into the battle of life.

"Sometimes I try to escape the first impression I have gained of a character, and endeavor to play a rôle as a different creature from that which has first sprung into being before me, but always I have returned to my first picture. If I am false to this thing which I call the dramatic conscience, I know I am false to the part I play."

Madame had settled herself before her dressing table and her deep eyes fixed themselves upon a foolish little statuette, as if she were a sybil seeking to read the soul of the image.

"And that conscience," she said, "is all that an actress can give to a characterization—voice, action, stage manner are details of technique that may be cultivated or acquired, but the creative imagination that warms and vivifies the author's pen and ink into living creatures, that is the concrete constructive thing that makes a player something more than a puppet. And it is because I lose the sharp outlines of my own vision, in the memories of another's performance that I absolutely refuse to play a rôle I have seen done by anyone else. Creation is a joy—imitation is a befogging mist that hides that creative delight."

For a moment there was silence, the brooding silence that falls when someone who knows how to think and who has, as Heywood Brown says, "something to think with" falls into thought.

I hesitated to break the spell, but stern duty bade me ask if added experience, growth, the wider vision brought by the years added nothing to the concrete character which an actress' first constructive imagination had vivified.

"Every experience of life must enrich and broaden one's powers of expression, and I hope I bring something to a part each time I return to it, but I do not believe that the psychology of the complete woman changes much—perhaps I am able to express it better."



A REPERTOIRE of six plays is in active preparation for Nazimova's season at her own theatre, and of these four are by Ibsen—"A Doll's House," "Hedda Gabler," and two others I have promised not to name. One at least will be a surprise to theatre-goers.

"And are you never going to do Shakespeare?" I asked.

"But I have 'done' him," she protested, "before I came to America I appeared in Russian versions of several of his masterpieces." A curious smile played around the actress' lips as she recalled memories of her Shakespearean past. Memories of playing Juliet when she was younger than the girl heroine, and of Lady Macbeth when she was just sixteen years old. Her tragic voice sunk to a whisper and a look of doom came into her eyes as she grasped my wrist and declared that her own impersonation of Lady Macbeth made that charming feminist far weirder than any of the three weird sisters ever dared to be. And considering the age of the actress and the fact that the piece was played on a floating theatre—a boat in which strolling Russian actors carried the torch of art from one river town to another—it is easily believable that even budding genius like the youthful Alla's left something to be desired in the performance.



William Gillette

Mile. Marcelle



Estelle Winwood

William Gillette

SCENE IN "A SUCCESSFUL CALAMITY" AT THE BOOTH

Henry Wilton, a middle aged multi-millionaire, yearns to spend a quiet evening at home. A morbid suspicion seizes him that his young wife, his son and his daughter look on him only as the easy provider of good things and have no real affection for him. So he resorts to the subterfuge of telling them that he is ruined. He finds immediate relief and happiness, for each member of the family rises to the occasion with cheerfulness, courage and sympathy. But his wife has a sort of Platonic friendship with an Italian portrait painter, which threatens trouble. This friendship however is of a most innocent kind, so peace is restored to the household. The wife is no longer frivolous; the son resolves to go to work; and the daughter escapes marriage with a rather aggressively selfish young man



Photos White

Orme Caldara

Henry Stephenson

Lawrence Grant

W. Mayne Lynton

Jane Cowl

SCENE IN "LILAC TIME," A ROMANTIC PLAY AT THE REPUBLIC

WILLIAM GILLETTE AND JANE COWL IN NEW PLAYS

SOME FAMOUS FALSTAFFS



EMPHATICALLY the tercentenary of William Shakespeare has been kind to a grievously wronged character—that of Falstaff, who has come into his own with a greater number of performances in America during the Shakespearean celebration which began last April and will come to a close in May, than any other hero of the Bard.



Louis James

The fat knight who figures in capulous and cowardly guise in more than one of Shakespeare's plays, puffs and ogles his way through "The Merry Wives of Windsor" as the central figure of the play which has received more representations than any other Shakespearean classic on our stage of late.

Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree has shown his conception of the rôle in many representations of the play, and it has received a laudably sound and spirited interpretation last season and this at the hands of Thomas Wise and his company.

Hamlet, Othello, Romeo, Benedick, Shylock, Macbeth, Lear and other favorite rôles of classic actors have languished to an amazing degree during this year of Shakespeare's renaissance, while fat old Falstaff—the character which possibly caused more woe and weariness to the bard himself, more adverse criticism than any of his creations has flourished like a green bay tree.

At a gathering a few evenings ago where some lovers, some critics and some serious students of Shakespeare discussed the comedy aspect of the fact that the fat knight was the laurel crowned hero of the year, one critic put forth as a psychological explanation of the choice, the fact that

America had given to the stage the most celebrated Falstaff of the nineteenth century in the person of the late J. H. Hackett, while Ben De Bar was almost as greatly admired for his impersonation of the fat knight.

Certainly, Falstaff caused great anguish to Shakespeare, who was roundly abused when the bibulous old chap first rolled upon the stage, for holding an eminent noble of the realm up to caricature and abuse. For Falstaff, as you



Hackett the Elder as Falstaff

probably know, was first called "Oldcastle," and Oldcastle was none other than the Lord Cobham, who was held by Protestant England to be a martyr and by Catholic England to be a poltroon and heretic since he perished as a Lollard and a Wickliffite in the persecution of Protestants

under Henry V. When Shakespeare introduced "Oldcastle, a page of Norfolk" as a drunken braggart in the play "Henry IV," he mixed copious and bitter draughts of war medicine for himself. A riotous uproar was started by descendants of the godly Oldcastle and their friends, and the dramatist was forced to apologize, disclaiming all knowledge of the true history of the Cobham hero and martyr, and the name of Oldcastle was promptly changed to Falstaff. Here again Shakespeare found himself in trouble, for the descendants of Sir John Falstofe rose up in wrath to declare their ancestor to have been unjustly stigmatized as a greater braggart and coward in "Henry VI," than history recorded.

So there seems a certain satire in the choice of Falstaff as the hero of the tercentennial on the American stage.

William Seymour, long general stage director for the late Charles Frohman, who has been a stage student from boyhood and has acted, managed and recorded plays for many years, is a fund of recondite knowledge of American Falstaffs. "My memory of Falstaff," he said, in answer to a question suggested by a statement of Brander Matthews, "goes back to the great Falstaff of the late James H. Hackett, a stalwart and splendid actor, steeped in Shakespearean tradition. Indeed, so far as Falstaff goes, Mr. Hackett may be said to have created and established tradition on the American stage, since his Falstaff differed in respect of a certain geniality and polish from (Concluded on page 188)



Victor Maurel



Sarony

W. H. Crane



White

Thomas A. Wise



Sarony

Charles Fisher



From a camera study by Maurice Goldberg

A N N E T T E K E L L E R M A N N

Who, after a successful venture into filmdom,
is now exhibiting her diving feats in the mam-
moth new water spectacle at the Hippodrome

IN THE SPOTLIGHT



Apeda

BETH LYDY

TO every actress her city. Pretty Beth Lydy, prima donna of "Her Soldier Boy" is the adopted daughter of a tribe of North American Indians. She is the favorite child of the Sioux of Dakota. The tribe christened her Ogalalala, which means the favorite child of the Sioux. The girl's presence among them was due to the fact that her father was a teacher on the Indian reservation. A trader coming to the Pine Tree Agency remarked: "It's a shame to waste such a voice on these red devils. Go to New York." Which Miss Lydy did, by easy stages, including vaudeville. Early this season she was raised to full prima donna honors in "The Girl from Brazil."



Sykes

HENRY HARMON

PERSONALLY the antithesis of the cruel fanatic who imprisons his niece, and by goading of that fanaticism drives her and his sister to suicide, at the lighthouse in "Ception Shoals," Mr. Harmon has in common with the character but one trait, that of locale. Both actor and character are of New England. But Henry Harmon's habitual smile curls the corners of Job's bitter mouth. Before the rise and after the fall of the curtain upon the unique play a humorous twinkle has its abode in Henry Harmon's eye, though while the tragedy of "Ception Shoals" is developing Job's eyes are of the kind that could look unmoved upon the burning of martyrs. In the winter Mr. Harmon is a Broadway figure, for he is one of the actors who is never out of an engagement.



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NORMAN TREVOR

THE stolid English Bobby in "A Kiss for Cinderella" shares with Lyn Harding the honor of being the most seriously regarded London leading man in this country. Yet, Mr. Trevor is not, strictly speaking, a product of London, but of Calcutta. He began an engagement in the comedy drama, "Life," forty years ago in the East Indian city. He might have remained in India but for his enthusiasm for athletics. Acting has become Mr. Trevor's vocation but athletics is his avocation. He is an all-round athlete, the possessor of several championship belts. He has held the London athletic championship for the hundred yards, the high hurdles and the quarter miles. He competed in the Olympic Games in Paris, representing England. He is the only actor who ever competed in the Olympic Games. He suffered his first defeat when the American team visited London. He has been on the stage thirteen years. He made his debut at Sir George Alexander's invitation, and in jest, playing footman in "John Glayde's Honor."



White

GEORGE GIDDENS

DESCRIBED in "Little Lady in Blue" as a "drunken, dissolute old reprobate," Mr. Giddens confesses that he is a "lawyer who went wrong," at least he left a respectable post as clerk in a solicitor's office for the company of "rogues and vagabonds," as the English statutes classify actor folk. He is one of the favorite English visitors to America. He has been coming to us since 1871 when he accompanied Charles Wyndham to this country, appearing in "Caste," "Hours," "Home," "Rocks Ahead," and "The Lancers." Since he has been visiting at intervals of three to seven years. He toured this country with Ellis Jeffreys and William M. Crane.



White

BERYL MERCER

A VERY fine actress!" "Knows her business!" "Well taught!" "A player of many parts!" These are the exclamations one sitting in the audience of "The Lodger" hears while the frightened little cockney lodging house keeper, "Mrs. Bunting," is on the stage. It doesn't seem the stage while Beryl Mercer, as Mrs. Bunting, is on it. The shabby sitting room seems a veritable slice of Bloomsbury and the landlady one of the factors of that economical habitat. Not quite a stranger to New York is Miss Mercer, for she was recently seen as the fussy old woman with Marie Tempest in "A Lady's Name." She played the aunt with James T. Powers in "Somebody's Luggage." Lena Ashwell brought her to this county as Hemke in "The Shulamite."

MR. HORNBLLOW GOES TO THE PLAY



COMEDY. "THE LIFE OF MAN."
Drama in five acts by Leonid Andreyeff. Translated from the Russian by Clarence L. Meader and Fred Newton Scott. Produced on January 14th with this cast:

He	Arthur E. Hohl
First Old Woman	Jean Robb
Second Old Woman	Elinor M. Cox
Third Old Woman	Helen Westley
Wife of Man	Marjorie Vonnegut
Man	Joe Ruben
A Doctor	T. W. Gibson

A VALE of woe is this our world. We know not whence we come nor whither we go. In fact, we have very grave doubts about both. Meanwhile, we fight like the deuce against overwhelming odds and sometimes forget that it isn't—as the pote says—whether you won that counts, but what kind of scrap did you put up?

Which profound meditations are inspired by Leonid Andreyeff's "The Life of Man," as presented privately by the Washington Square Players. In quintessential pessimism the Russian playwright symbolizes the career of his hero—who, in spite of the author's intent, is a specific and not a general personage—from the cradle to the grave. To tell the truth, he isn't satisfied to begin even with the cradle: he goes still farther back, though not so far as Sterne did in the case of Tristram Shandy.

Born in misery, Man lives to meet the cruel fate of all people. Dragged on by time, as the prologue explains, he treads inevitably all the steps of human life, upward to its climax and downward to its end. And that's all there is to it. The moral of both Andreyeff's play and his life is: Go out and die; or, failing that, live to remind humanity that it is wretched and absurd.

Here at last we have the real dill-pickle of the drama—the perfect antidote to Pollyanna!

All of which is a very impertinent way to treat so solemn and impressive a tragedy as "The Life of Man." As the players at the Comedy presented it—very beautifully indeed—from the horrific obstetrics of the first episode to the gloom-swathed death scene, it was a production such as our ordinary theatres see about once in a leap-year.

José Ruben, as Man, surpassed even his splendid performance in "Bushido." His delivery of the curse

after the death of the child was memorable. As the Wife of Man, Marjorie Vonnegut was at all times effective and appealing. The three Old Women, who chattered and gibbered during the birth and death of Man, fairly outdo their prototypes in "Macbeth." Helen Westley was one of the hags, and she also contributed a remarkable bit as the Old Servant in the episode of Misfortune.

Man passes through love and poverty to wealth and sorrow, and dies at last, helpless, defiant, cursing. Mercy sits by, but never opens her eyes. The Being in Grey—whom men call "He"—proclaims what the rest is—silence. Personally, I prefer M. de Cyrano's end. He dies fighting, as you'll remember, and curses only what is false, promising on the morrow to sweep God's door-sill proudly with his spotless plume.

SHUBERT. "LOVE O' MIKE."
Comedy with music, in a prologue and two acts. Book by Thomas Sydney, lyrics by Harry B. Smith, music by Jerome Kern. Produced on January 15th with this cast:

Betty	Katherine Rodgers
Mrs. Allison Marvin	Allison McBain
Bif Jackson	George Hassell
Leone	Leone Morgan
Molly	Molly McIntyre
Vivian	Vivian Wessell
Luella	Luella Gear
Helen	Helen Clarke
Peggy	Peggy Wood
Bruce Grant	Alan Edwards
Jack Vaughn	George Baldwin
Lieutenant Stafford	Rollin Grimes
Captain Kildare	Lawrence Grossmith
Alonzo Bird	Clifton Webb
Phil Marvin	Quentin Tod
Ted Watson	Jack Bohn
Mrs. O'Rourke	Annie Lydiate
Mrs. Schmaltz	Lillian Devere
Hilda	Hilda Pentland
Gloria	Gloria Goodwin

A SMART little show in spots in "Love o' Mike," with several captivating little tunes—if only there were somebody to sing them. A "comedy with music," it has both in reasonable quantities; but if it weren't for the orchestra, you'd never know about the music.

I have long been curious as to the doings of Bronxville house parties. And now "Love o' Mike" has enlightened me. What time the young folk are not dancing all over the

shop or making motions as if they were singing, the men are being jealous of, and the women fascinated by, an English lord who has been invalided from the trenches and sent to America to buy munitions and learn our zoological slang.

For diversion the house-partisans have a butler who was once a pugilist, but whom the movies have since promoted to be a burglar. The rest of the piece is all feminine love and masculine envy and unsuccessful imitations of vocalization. As a result, the interesting spots before mentioned are insufficiently juxtaposed, and the yawns outvote the laughs several to one.

The best part of "Love o' Mike" is the first-act climax, whereat the English lord is provided with two sets of rescues after he has proclaimed himself the hero of a local fire. The second set, furnished by the burglarious butler, is decidedly mixed and might well be employed to advertise our newest taxicab company.

Of course, George Hassell, champion back-hair wiggler of the world, is very funny as the movie fiend. Lawrence Grossmith, with fewer opportunities than "Nobody Home" supplied, makes the Englishman amusing and lovable. Noteworthy among the pretty girls who left their voices at home are Peggy Wood and Vivian Wessell.

The whistling pest will be at work for many a day on the songs they tried to sing. Much lively dancing is supplied chiefly by Clifton Webb and Quentin Tod and their partners and Gloria Goodwin. Also present is Molly McIntyre, whose gooey talk, I am happy to state, is mostly choked off after the prologue.

And tell it not in Gath, whisper it not in the streets of Ashtabula—"Love o' Mike" revealed Diamond Jim Brady turned *second-nighter*!

GARDEN. EAST-WEST PLAYERS.
Four one-act plays. Presented on January 18th with the following players:

Regina Sadokerski, Mark Hoffman, Henry B. Forbes, Max Lieberman, Ben Axelrod, Gustav Blum, Ethel Tilzer, Bertha Finkelstein, Anna Kramer, Joseph Turpin, Florence Clark, Abraham Brill, Diantha Pattison, Jean Fuller, Charles Schwall

LIKE the little girl who had the little curl right in the middle of her forehead, the East-West Players, so long as they stick to their program of presenting in English short plays from the Yiddish, are very, very good; but when they depart from that preordained policy and attempt the bizarre and the satirical *à la* Washington Square, they are horrid.

The Yiddish drama, as the Bowery has often seen it, comprises numerous pieces marked by a quaint and appealing blend of humor and pathos that clearly touches the common heart at which it is aimed. Of such is Perez Hirschbein's comedy of Jewish life, "The Stranger." The protagonist, like another Third-Floor Back—only here suggesting the Prophet Elijah—pauses amid the lowly, and presently passes on. He leaves behind him an unemptiable wine bottle and a knapsack full of gold. The treasure turns the head of the father of the humble household. In his avarice he empties the cask in which he had sought to conserve the miraculous wine. Then the gold becomes a mere heap of cinders.

The powerful symbolism of the wine of life lends depth and background to an otherwise photographic bit of realism. "Night," the other playlet from the Yiddish, is allegorical. It depicts a convulsive recrudescence of ideals on the part of some "lost souls of the street." With the return of daylight, however, the ideal society, which The Thief sought to found, falls to pieces.

The other two pieces, "Paul and Virginia," and a sketch from the Arabian Nights, served merely to lengthen the evening inordinately.

Acting honors go to Gustav Blum, who appears in three of the sketches, one of which he helped to write. He is particularly effective as The Thief in "Night," as is Regina Sadokerski, whose portrayal of The Outcast contributes much to the emotional tension of the playlet.

The East-West Players are decidedly worth while, and their value will increase in proportion as they stick to their Yiddish.

REPUBLIC. DRAMA LEAGUE MATINÉE. Presented on January 22nd.

THE New York centre of the Drama League of America in the two matinées which it recently gave at the Republic Theatre contributed a real novelty to theatrical history.

Its presentation of seven excerpts from the native drama showing its

progress from Royall Tyler's "Contrast," produced in 1787, to "The Girl With the Green Eyes," by Clyde Fitch, demonstrated the wonderful technical advance that has been made in dramatic construction.

Each scene was produced as near to the fashion of its time, as handed down tradition made possible, but surely there are actors extant who could have shown the management how it was that Frank Mayo made Davy Crockett so poetically effective for over a score of years. For want of proper treatment Murdock's idyll, a centennial contribution, displayed a crudity not inherently possessed.

The gem of the afternoon was an act from Anna Cora Mowatt's "Fashion," presented with all the artificial theatricalities of the early '50's. Mary Shaw, Edwin Nicander and Aimee Dalmores were admirably comic in this bit.

Tim Murphy, by his neat and deft work in "A Texas Steer," demonstrated that Charles Hoyt's humor was not entirely ephemeral, and in the scene from "Shore Acres," James Lackaye and Erville Alderson showed how trenchant a pen James A. Herne possessed when it came to the revelation of human feelings and motives.

"The Girl With the Green Eyes" is not quite Fitch at his best, but for all that it is a searching and illuminative analysis of the tragic consequences of a jealous nature. Good acting by Margaret Lawrence and Lowell Sherman was contributed.

The second item was from "André," the first serious play ever written by an American, William Dunlap, the historian. It was a picturesque and touching rendering which Henry Stanford gave of the title rôle.

MAXINE ELLIOTT'S. "OVERRULED." Play by Bernard Shaw. Produced on February 2nd with this cast:

Mrs. Juno	Gertrude Kingston
Mr. Juno	Colin Campbell
Mrs. Lunn	Mary Lawton
Mr. Lunn	Walter Ringham

WHEN George Bernard Shaw got through writing "Getting Married" he found that he had some material left over that he hadn't been able to squeeze into that amusing—in spots—kaffeeclatch. Being an economical person, he labelled the excess "Overruled" and called it a one-act play.

Miss Gertrude Kingston put it on recently to piece out her bill which includes "The Queen's Enemies" and "Great Catherine." Previously she

had tried "The Inca of Perusalem" and "How He Lied to Her Husband." "Overruled" is decidedly the worst of the three.

Two married couples mix up in a philandering quartette and express once more G. B. S's indignation that modern folk insist on being immoral so conventionally. Regularity even in sin is abhorrent from the Shavian viewpoint.

That's all there is to twenty minutes of dull chatter. And when a play is nothing but lines, it wouldn't be a bad idea for the actors to learn them—which Miss Kingston's company didn't all do. She was one of the wives, and Mary Lawton the other, and more interesting one, Colin Campbell, as the brief husband of an extensive wife, was effectively vehement in his English respectability. Walter Ringham seemed a second edition of Charles Dalton.

I'm afraid Miss Kingston will have to try, try again.

MOROSCO. "CANARY COTTAGE." Musical farce in two acts. Book by Oliver Morosco and Elmer Harris; music and lyrics by Earl Carroll. Produced on February 5th with this cast:

Michael O'Finnegan	Carl McCullough
San Asbestos Hicks	Hugh Cameron
Mrs. Hugg	Grace Ellsworth
Pauline Hugg	Reine Davies
Jerry Summerfield	Charles Ruggles
Betty Fair	Dorothy Webb
Billy Moss	Herbert Corthell
Nip and Tuck	Ergotti Liliputians
Blanche Moss	Trixie Friganza
Mitzie	Hazel Purdy
Mabel	Virginia Tavares
Hal	Louis Natheaux
Ostrich	Elsie Gordon
Maid to the Cook	Olga Marwig

EVERYBODY knows that the three funniest things in the world are polygamy, delirium tremens, and adipose tissue. Mr. Oliver Morosco, desiring to open his charming New York theatre with a refined and edifying, but at the same time money-making entertainment, naturally chose equal parts of each of these sure-fire ingredients for the musical comedy he and Elmer Harris, with the connivance of Earl Carroll, concocted under the title of "Canary Cottage."

The cottage itself is a sort of upstairs and down place in the mountains, where devotees of Venus and Bacchus love to congregate. Among them is Herbert Corthell, who in a fit of temporary aberration has married Trixie Friganza and is industriously trying to drown the recollection. He succeeds, however, only in accumulating a cortège of imaginary

pink elephants, dancing ostriches, and acrobatic imps.

While he is pursuing consolation in the form of Dorothy Webb, Trixie abruptly arrives, Vernon Castles with the kitchen utensils on a cook-stove, and vampires unsuccessfully with Charles Ruggles. Charles, meanwhile, has taught Herbert how to be a cave-man, demonstrating upon the person of Reine Davies. And so ultimately Trixie, who by this time has squashed nearly every member of the cast, receives the manhandling she so richly deserves and returns complacently to Herbert's menagerie.

Of course, there is also futuristic scenery, and the entire assemblage frequently bursts into rather commonplace song. Eventually, too, players and playgoers indulge in an orange battle. The oranges are only cotton, but some day somebody is going to slip in a half-brick and exterminate the male section of the chorus.

Mr. Corthell and Miss Friganza furnish most of the Fatty Arbuckle and Marie Dressler comedy in overflowing measure. Miss Davies endures her mauling in a manner that demonstrates she is cyclone-proof. Miss Webb is effective, but affected. Hugh Cameron does his familiar stupidity bit. And there is interesting dancing by Miss Elsie Gordon and Melissa Ten Eyck.

But when all is said and done, why is a chorus man, anyway?

MANHATTAN. "THE WANDERER." Play in three acts by Maurice V. Samuels. Founded on Wilhelm Schindtbonn's "Der Verlorene Sohn." Produced on February 1st with this cast:

Nissah	Clara Blandick
Helah	Ernest Cove
Naomi	Janet Dunbar
Jether	William Elliott
Gaal	Charles Dalton
Jesse	James O'Neill
Huldah	Nance O'Neill
Tola	William H. Thompson
Ahab	Macey Harlam
Tisha	Florence Reed
Nadina	Beverly Sitgreaves
Sadyk	Sidney Herbert
Haggai	Frederick Lewis
Merbel	Edward Martyn
Parsodias	Sydney Mather
Hadramut	Lawson Butt
Manasseh	Frederick Burton
Aro	Sofia Karty
Pharis	Lionel Braham
The Prophet	Pedro De Cordoba

THE greatest of all story books, because so human and without literary artifice, is the Bible, with its Ruths and Rebeccas, David and Jonathan, Absalom, the Prodigal Son, and a succession of histories of the heart—the world has never tired

of their recital in many forms.

We need not be reminded of the appeal of the Prodigal Son. He is in vogue always. What is "Turn to the Right" but the Prodigal Son?

William Elliott, F. Ray Comstock and Morris Gest, in producing the Biblical play by Maurice V. Samuels, founded on Schindtbonn's original, have done something with big, smashing effects worthy of the story.

On the side of picturesqueness there is nothing lacking. With Ben Teal, one of our most notable stage-managers, we have everything in it but a visualization of the fatted calf and the baked meats.

Naturally, in a story so familiar, there must be an absence of theatrical device, and dramatic forcefulness must be sought in picturesqueness and in the power of the actors to give life and reality to the emotions of the characters.

This is provided for by getting together a cast that is altogether remarkable. One of the smallest parts, that of the burly sea captain, who robs the prodigal of the girl with whom he has become infatuated, has the most telling bit, theatrically speaking, in the play. It is capably done by Lionel Braham with the full effect of the ferocious passion of a rich man who lets nothing stand in the way of his amorous desires.

The first and third acts are easily the best because the most human. The second act, laid in the house of the courtesan, Nadina, with its hectic emotions, and endless orgies, is quite in keeping with the story, but there is too much of it. One ends by becoming nauseated by the sensuality of it all. The dances are too long and there are too many of them.

But the acting left nothing to be desired. Think of Nance O'Neill as the Mother of the Prodigal! James O'Neill as the Father! The delight we have in their professional training and efficiency is alone enough to justify spending an evening of our lives witnessing "The Wanderer."

Then we have Clara Blandick in the little part of a handmaiden; William H. Thompson, as the evil genius of the Prodigal, his friend, a small part; Beverly Sitgreaves is the crafty and sordid keeper of lodgings where the prodigal spends his patrimony in vice and folly; and in a way the most conspicuous of all in the cast Florence Reed, as the siren. Charles Dalton is the Elder Brother.

There are other names of less distinction but of merit, such as Pedro De Cordoba, Macey Harlam, Janet Dunbar.

William Elliott was sympathetic

but lacked poise as the Prodigal Son.

The realistic and spectacular nature of the play was manifest at the rise of the curtain, a scene near Hebron encompassed by mountains with their grim rocks. Down a defile comes presently a flock of sheep, the shepherd bearing a stricken lamb in his arms. Altogether the production is notable in the same way that distinguished "Joseph and His Brethren," "Ben Hur" and similar plays.

CASINO. "YOU'RE IN LOVE." Musical comedy in two acts. Book and lyrics by Otto Hauerbach and Edward Clark; music by Rudolph Friml. Produced on February 6th with this cast:

Judge Brewster	Jack Raffael
Lacey Hart	Laurance Wheat
Dorothy	May Thompson
Mrs. Payton	Florine Arnold
Georgiana	Marie Flynn
Hobby Douglas	Harry Clarke
Mr. Wix	Al Roberts
Captain	Albert Pellaton
Passengers—Barbara Valdin, M. Cunningham, Hazel Clements	
Sailors—C. Balfour Lloyd, Gilbert Wells	
Deck Steward	George Pierpont
Stewardess	Virginia Wynn

MUSICAL comedy nowadays has a new terror—coquetry with the audience. At times we are pelted with flowers by pulchritudinous ranks of chorus girls. But never before has such an arch trick been played as on that first night of "You're in Love."

Marie Flynn, who, as Georgiana, has the largest of all the transactions in Love in hand, walks in her sleep on the deck of a steamer and mounting a boom from one of the masts, as the boom swings, is presently over the heads of the audience. A quick jump from an enterprising spectator below enables the daring one to wrest a loose slipper from the actress' foot.

This sprightly incident happened in Boston and unless the boom is raised higher it may become a game here, but I hope not. Otherwise the piece is one of the few pleasing things of the sort of the season. It has plot enough; it is easy to make a plot of youth in love, with the old folks watching in vain, and obstacles vanishing before youth's desire. The ingenuity of the fun-making and the love-making is clever and unconventional. The dances and the songs have a certain newness about them too.

The comicalities that are introduced have a bearing in that one never knows what they are going to do next or when they are going to do it. I might be considered too frank if I deplored the enormous en-

thusiasm aroused by two eccentric dancers, certainly not dancing for the development of any other action than their own, but it was a real diversion.

Sometimes these episodes serve to get us away from a tedious play, but that was not needed in this case, for "You're in Love" is entertaining.

Its songs? Why enumerate them? The music and songs are catchy, and some of the movements are new in business, such as the chorus, after a song unwinding from the wings as a scroll, facing the audience and making it happy with multitudinous grace.

Then there is Laurence Wheat, of whom we may say, with the hope of not being too obvious, that he is a staple commodity of the stage. Florine Arnold, professional from tip to toe, is delightful, and Al Roberts, the lugubrious missionary, is amusing in a comic legitimate way. May Thompson has charm. A whirlwind dance by Cunningham and Hazel Clements, little Hazel being a zephyr gone mad, daintiness seized with a passion for the dance, aroused the audience to enthusiasm.

REPUBLIC. "LILAC TIME." Play in three acts by Jane Cowl and Jane Murfin. Produced on February 6th with this cast:

McCane	Charles Esdale
Major Holloway	Henry Stephenson
Lieut. Philip Blythe	Orme Caldara
Jeannine	Jane Cowl
Capt. Standing	Lawrence Grant
Lieut. George Smylie	W. Mayne Lynton
Captain Paget	Felix Krembs
Cure of the Village	Emile Detramont
Captain Watling	Cecil Owen
Hawkins	Henry Crocker
Jacques Riffard	Guillame Deux
Madame Riffard	Louise Coleman
Simpson	Charles Hampden
Madame Berthelot	Michelette Burani
Julien	Cecil Yapp
Harris	Harry Hanlon

GEORGE M. COHAN may do what he pleases with the stars and stripes; Jane Cowl has made up her mind to wave the tricolor for all it's worth in the theatre—which in these days is not a little. That's what she chiefly does—besides looking pretty and being often amusing—in "Lilac Time," both as co-author and as star. Jane Murfin is the other playwright, and I hope the Selwyns will pardon me for remarking that they have drawn to a pair of Janes and filled.

At the same time, if anybody has an unused plot lying around loose, will he please turn it over to these ladies so that they can insert it in "Lilac Time"? It already has its share of pleasant comedy, what with British officers teaching English

songs to a French maiden, while their Tommies make merry to forget the trenches.

They are a lucky lot to be quartered in Jeannine's neighborhood somewhere in France. One of them wins both her love and a decoration for bravery, but he has to go away before the wedding and die for his king.

If "Vive la France!" means anything in your young life, you will not lack for emotions as you watch these people lay their lives and their happiness on the altar of country. But it is the patriotic, rather than the dramatic, that supplies the sentiment. The play itself offers little besides its pleasant but conventional comedy and romance. When the sole "heavy" arrived I began to have hopes of a story, but he served little purpose and was soon dropped.

So it is a thin little play altogether theatrical, arbitrary and amateurish in construction. Nevertheless, it gives Miss Cowl a chance to do the best acting of her career as the brave peasant girl with the spirit of a modern Joan. And if you have tears, prepare to shed them when you see her lover march away, and later witness his failure to return.

Excellent acting is contributed by the group of officers, particularly Henry Stephenson, Orme Caldara, and W. Mayne Lynton. Cecil Yapp does one of his skilful characterizations as a veteran of the Franco-Prussian War. And Louise Coleman deserves mention for a telling bit of pathos in the last act.

BOOTH. "A SUCCESSFUL CALAMITY." Play in two acts by Clare Kummer. Produced on February 5th with this cast:

Henry Wilton	William Gillette
Eddie	Estelle Winwood
Marguerite	Richard Barbee
George Struthers	Ruth Findlay
Clarence Rivers	Richard Sterling
Julie Partington	Roland Young
Connors	Katherine Alexander
Pietro Rafaelo	William Devereux
Dr. Broodie	Manart Kippen
John Belden	Claus Bogel
Albertine	Charles Lane
	Mile. Marcelle

PLACE AUX DAMES!

Personally I wish to thank Mrs. Clare Kummer for the delightful evening she gave me the other night at the Booth.

Her new play, "A Successful Calamity," is a veritable delight to the ear. Its dialogue is Shavian like in its insistent sparkle. It is one succession of epigrammatic crackles and really funny *jeux d'esprit*.

What matters it if the melodramatic introduction seems a trifle out

of place if seriously considered? The whole effect is so spirited and entertaining that only the captions will cavil.

A hard-working business man, with grown-up children, and married to a young second wife, longs for a quiet evening at home. The children are always out, the wife is satisfied only with the society's ceaseless rounds. To accomplish his end he gives it out that he is ruined.

Nothing very new, perhaps, but treated with such a freshness of observation and punctuated with such delightful wit that when compared with the average output of the season it shines forth like a priceless gem.

Arthur Hopkins staged it finely, too, while Robert Edmond Jones, who supplied the two sets, shows himself to be an artist in his line.

Wm. Gillette, as "the general provider" who discovers that his children are not selfish at heart and that his wife has the real stuff in her in his quiet dry angular way, is splendidly telling. Estelle Winwood could not be improved upon as the wife, while the children are acted with distinctive skill and humor by Richard Barbee and Ruth Findlay. Varying characters drawn with clever adroitness are vividly personated by Richard Sterling, Roland Young, Katherine Alexander, Manart Kippen and Charles Lane.

LYCEUM. "THE GREAT DIVIDE." Play in three acts by William Vaughn Moody. Revived on February 7th with this cast:

Stephen Ghent	Henry Miller
Philip Jordan	Byron Beasley
Winthrop Newbury	Charles Gotthold
Dr. Newbury	James Galloway
Lon Anderson	Harry E. McKee
Dutch	Arnold Wilbur
Pedro	Leon Robert
Burt Williams	James Hagan
An Architect	Gordon Morris
A Contractor	Robert B. Kegerrell
A Boy	John Lockett
Mrs. Jordan	Mrs. Thomas Whiffen
Polle Jordan	Alice Lindahl
Ruth Jordan	Gladys Hanson

TEN years ago on its original production "The Great Divide" was hailed as the great American play. Its revival after a decade at the Lyceum demonstrates that it is still a play big in idea, workmanlike in construction, and able in literary expression.

It is immensely superior to any of the pieces of its period and measures well up to the present advanced demands of perfected stage craft.

But do not let our enthusiasm entirely run away with our judgment.

(Concluded on page 192)



DOROTHY WEBB, CHARLES RUGGLES AND CHORUS IN "CANARY COTTAGE" WHICH OPENED THE NEW MOROSCO



"A MOVE ON THE MOVIES"—THE PROLOGUE OF "JOHNNY GET YOUR GUN" AT THE CRITERION
SCENES IN TWO NEW BROADWAY PRODUCTIONS

HOW NOT TO GET YOUR PLAY PRODUCED

By CHARLTON ANDREWS



EVERY once in a while some bank president or janitor, or college professor, or street-car conductor, or dramatic critic, or something comes to me, with eagerness and trepidation illumining his upturned countenance, and asks: "How can I get my play produced?"

By dint of replying invariably and throughout a period of years, "I haven't the faintest idea!" or—before that phrase had gone hopelessly out of fashion—"Search me!" I eventually acquired such a degree of curiosity as to just *how* one should go about getting his play produced that I decided to investigate for myself. I began reading how the successful had gone about it, and I learned, to my astonishment, that every separate one of them had a little way all his own of landing the child of his brain—or, at least, of his pen—upon the stage.

One had sat at a producer's feet while he was getting shaved—I mean the producer—and had so alluringly declaimed Act I of "Polly's Perilous Proclivities" that the manager had risen up, half-lathered, to observe feverishly: "I take the play. Here's five hundred advance royalty." Another had slipped into a theatre magnate's limousine and had captivated him on the way home to dinner. A third had bribed the janitor of the office building to wreck the lift motor while playwright and producer were held between floors nine and ten for an hour and a half—just the time required for a rapid but effective reading of the play. And so on.

As a consistent inductive reasoner I naturally realized that, so far as arriving at any general principle of play-placing was concerned, this inquiry into the methods of those who had already gone and done it was utterly futile. Moreover, there was an odor of press-agentry about the whole business—the yarns were all too interesting to be true. So I decided to seek information on this not-to-be-exaggerated subject from playwrights—or rather near-playwrights—who as yet had no incentive to be fantastical, as Macbeth would call it.



THE first disciple of Melpomene whom I approached related a story more tragic than anything that had ever dropped from the point of his fertile pen. He was a school-teacher from the Far West who, not content with the seventy-five dollars a month or whatever it is that they hand you in lieu of salary when you teach school out there, naturally decided to become affluent by devoting a few hours to the dramatic art.

He took two weeks off one summer and wrote a couple of plays—that being, as he understood it (and, to be frank, as I understand it) the usual time allotment. You will understand that I judge this matter solely by the plays I see. At all events Schoolteacher Squibbins, having created his two dramas and found them good, asked himself the momentous question, "How shall I get 'em produced?"

It appears in no wise amazing that he should promptly bethink him of a then leading manager whom we shall nominate G. X. Somebody in G. X.'s office presently receipted for Mr. Squibbins' comedy, "His Everyday Wife" and promised it an immediate consideration. Squibbins left rosier day dreams for rosier night ones, in the meanwhile wielding the ferule blithesomely because of the feeling that it was for the last time.

"Children," he would observe cryptically, pausing in the midst of the brilliant pyrotechnics of shooting young ideas (not to mention chalk and paper wads)—"Children, the day will come when you will be proud to boast that Hezekiah Squibbins was once your teacher!"



BUT alas! Why should the spirit of mortal be proud? Time wore on, and proportionately the rosiness of the Squibbins' dreams wore off. Water ran under bridges and all that, in fact, for eight months, at the end of which period the office boy or somebody at G. X.'s wrote in reply to the playwright's third inquiry, "Sorry, but—unavailable."

"But what about your second piece, 'The Shoe Drummer's Revenge'?" interpolated I at this point in the recital, hoping thereby to avert a threatening break-down on the part of the successor of Ichabod Crane.

"Ah, *that* was the tragedy," he sorrowfully replied, referring compactly to both the piece and its adventures. And he went on to explain how Manager One returned it, saying he hadn't time to read it; and how Manager Two—one Samuel Frillington—had sent back the manuscript with a brief note in which he averred that it would be wasting time to read a play in which there were only five characters.

"And that," continued Squibbins, with a gleam of malevolence in his watery blue eye—in both of them, in fact—"was at a time when 'The Easiest Way' was turning 'em away with five characters, and 'The Concert' was getting ready to do it with four."

The long and short and middling of it was that Mr. Squibbins—who refuses to let me speak of him as "Professor"—grown cautious through experience, next obtained from yet another producer, who was also an actor, a promise to read both plays. They were neatly tied up with a piece of green baby ribbon and duly forwarded, charges paid. The actor-manager got them back to Squibbins in just ten days with the following note, which I myself have read in the celebrated Mr. Gwyllum Haversack's own mysterious and wonderful handwriting:

"I have read your plays and think they are bright, and I should advise you to put them in the hands of 'Miss Von Spinkdoodle' (of course, you know I mustn't give her real name), 'the play broker, as she would, most likely, be able to place them with somebody who was looking for that kind of play. If you write anything of a more serious nature, I should like very much to have the opportunity of reading it, as neither of these plays is the type of play that I wish to produce at the present time."



WELL, it turned out that what Haversack was really seeking was either Shakespeare or Shaw. And, as Squibbins was neither of these, but rather—er—sort of half-way between, as it were, his plays were inevitably unsuited to Gwyllum.

Mr. Squibbins received this note with mixed emotions. He was chagrined to find that the distinguished actor-manager had pronounced "The Shoe Drummer's Revenge" "bright." "His Everyday Wife" was excessively bright, as anyone might readily guess from the title. But "The Shoe Drummer" was tragedy—frank and realistic

and almost brutal tragedy—so Squibbins earnestly assured me. What could he gather, queried he plaintively, but that Mr. Haversack had read only one of the plays, and that one "His Everyday Wife"? What, indeed! Unless you add the suggestion that Squibbins had better *scut* one play at a time.

At all events, *something* was bright. Squibbins instantly forwarded the manuscripts to Miss Von Spinkdoodle. (I really wish I had chosen a more ingratiating name for her. But never mind; you'll get used to it.) Miss Von Spinkdoodle required only ten weeks in which to read the plays. Then she dictated a letter to her stenographer and the stenographer typed it and put it into a marvellous kind of copy-press that smeared the ink all over the paper, and then mailed it to Mr. Squibbins. (I have been allowed to see the letter.)

By dint of perseverance Mr. Squibbins deciphered the following:

"I have read 'The Shoe Drummer's Revenge' with the utmost interest. It shows remarkable dramatic gifts and a certain quality of lifelike characterization, but I am rather afraid of the story for general purposes. The end seems to me unnecessarily morbid, for surely Grace ought to forgive her husband if she wants to be forgiven." (What could be fairer? thought I.) "With this point reworked, I think the play would have a chance and a very good one at that."

Of course, Squibbins had known it all the time. He seems to have been cranky as to his ethics, however, because he did *not* believe that Grace ought to forgive her husband at all, whether she herself wanted to be forgiven or not. Nevertheless, ambition triumphed over conviction: he compromised with his Montana Puritan conscience and rewrote the final end of the conclusion to his play.



THEN he sent it—not straight to Miss Von S. but to Mr. Chandler Wuthering Hites, well and favorably known both as the husband of the renowned actress, Mrs. Hites, and as a play producer. After five months (time no object!) of unremitting effort on the part of Mr. Hites, the latter succeeded in extracting from his reluctant play-reader this:

"Here is a play which has back of it real power and facility in the author to portray character objectively and to conduct an action with simplicity and effectiveness." (I know it doesn't sound real, but Squibbins showed me the letter—long since frayed and tattered from being worn over the heart.) "But it is such a literal transcript from real life that the truth of it would not be altogether pleasing. Its incidents and episodes are very interesting and full of action. The play is not conclusive enough and is too episodic, although the action is compact, to make an entirely pleasing production. While the play would scarcely be available for your purposes, the writer is a very capable and promising dramatist."

Although he does not admit it, I fancy that our friend Squibbins lost no time before packing up his household effects and sending in to the school board his resignation. Anyhow, here was his own opinion of himself fairly well backed up. Except for the too realistic part of it. He felt like calling a

(Concluded on page 186)



From a portrait by Sarony

M A U D E A D A M S

As Miss Thing in Barrie's wistful fantasy "A Kiss for Cinderella" at the Empire, Miss Adams is given an opportunity to exercise that great charm of personality which has endeared her to millions

FROM THE STAGE TO SOCIETY

By ELIZABETH HIATT GREGORY



IF society has given many actresses of talent to the stage, it can with equal truth be said that the stage has given many charming representatives to society, women who have since graced their positions with distinction and become powers in their new environ.

Prominent among these are Mrs. George Gould, formerly Edith Kingdon; Mrs. Paul D. Cravath, the former Agnes Huntington; Mrs. August Belmont, who was Eleanor Robson; Mrs. William Astor-Chanler, formerly Minnie Ashley; Mrs. William Randolph Hearst, one of the pretty Wilson sisters, and Mrs. Frank C. Henderson, the beautiful Betty Faulkner, better known as Betty Chapman, the former wife of Irving Chapman.

That opportunity is ever knocking at the stage door is evinced by the charming stage episodes that have culminated in brilliant matches. Fiction could furnish no prettier romance than that of Edith Kingdon, now Mrs. George Gould.

It all happened while the then Miss Kingdon was playing in "Love on Crutches" in Augustin Daly's stock company. She was cast for the part of Marjorie Gynne and it was in the second act that a storm of applause followed her exit. Ada Rehan, the leading woman, came out and still there was applause. Then Drew and finally Daly appeared and this was followed by a call for "Kingdon."

The débutante thespian had retired to her dressing room to prepare for the next act. Confused and astonished, she hurriedly threw a shawl over her bare shoulders and peeped out in front of the curtain, and was so fascinating in this hastily improvised costume that George Gould, who occupied a box, immediately and forever lost his heart.



AN engagement soon followed and met with parental opposition on the part of the Gould family, but they were finally won over and the marriage took place at Lyndhurst, the Gould home on the Hudson.

Not forgetful of the event that took her from the stage to make her the mistress of millions and a great social power, Mrs. Gould named her first daughter Marjorie Gynne, after the part she played.

Mrs. Gould promised never again to appear before the footlights and only twice since has she donned a "make-up." Once in her Lakewood home she took part in a one-act play, "Twilight of the Gods," by Edith Wharton and several years ago was induced by the late Frederick Townsend Martin to appear as a star in "Mrs. Van Vechten's Divorce Dance," produced at the Plaza for charity. On that occasion Kyrle Bellew was the leading man.

Mrs. Gould has always entertained a genuine interest in the dramatic art, and some years ago, in speaking of the stage, she offered advice to the ambitious young girl, seeking histrionic honors. She confessed her first desire to act came when she was four years old, after she had seen "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Obsessed with the idea that only girls with flaxen hair and rosy cheeks could become actresses, she cried herself to sleep, because here she was with dark eyes and still darker hair. How could she ever hope to be an actress?

"There is nothing elementary, easy or small about the life of an actress," she declared in the

same interview. "Success is an accomplishment prefaced by toil and effort," she added. "The girl who goes on the stage should be in her middle teens and should say: 'I will suffer. I will work and will not allow discouragements to gnaw at my heart strings.' Given this temperament and inherent ability she will succeed."

Augustin Daly declared it was a shame that Edith Kingdon left the stage and predicted she would become a great Juliet.



NO less interesting is the romance of Minnie Ashley, who with a merry voice and twinkling feet deserted the footlights to become the wife of William Astor Chanler, son of John Winthrop Chanler and great grandson of John Jacob Astor.

This petite and ambitious young lady from Boston made her Broadway appearance in a small part in "1492," but later assumed important rôles in "The Greek Slave," "San Toy," and other productions. Her appearance in "The Greek Slave" brought her fame over night.

It was after her divorce from William Sheldon, an actor, that she married her present husband and abandoned her career. Mr. and Mrs. Chanler have two lovely young boys and a more devoted mother could not be found. Mrs. Chanler did not forsake the art of the drama in spirit, but was formerly President of the Stage Society. However, more recently she has directed her attention to sculpture and has exhibited work in the National Academy of Design.

The wooing of Mr. Chanler was comparatively a secret and all rumors of an engagement were invariably denied. It was not until they slipped into St. George's Rectory one eventful day that the real truth became known.

It was not surprising that August Belmont, the multi-millionaire, should have found Eleanor Robson the proper lady to preside over his home since he has always manifested an interest in the sister arts of music and the drama. Eleanor Robson, who is English by birth, is mild mannered and conservative. She is a well-read, intellectual woman, and since leaving the stage has been associated with various charities. Her last stage appearance was in "The Dawn of a Tomorrow," played in the Majestic Theatre, Brooklyn.



MRS. WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST is another example that the stage does not destroy tastes for domesticity. She is now the mother of five beautiful children, two of whom are twins. She was Millicent Wilson, one of the pretty Wilson sisters.

Mrs. Russell Colt. (Ethel Barrymore) is one of the few actresses who has combined the stage, domesticity and society. The mother of three handsome, wholesome boys, she manages to fulfill her contracts and still have time to write social engagements in her daily routine.

Mrs. Frank Clarence Henderson, formerly the beautiful Betty Faulkner, has had three rich husbands. She was first the wife of Irving Chapman, a member of an old Philadelphia family and was divorced from him to wed Roy Pierce, son of the Standard Oil magnate. Later, she was married to her present husband and now lives at Roslyn, L. I., in domesticated fashion. She is the sister of Mrs. "Freddie" Herschoff, whose husband is a champion golfer.

There is also Mrs. Paul Cravath, formerly Agnes Huntington, who won fame in the Boston Ideal Opera Company, after years of struggle and hardships that beset the poor artist. Through some influence she had the good fortune to become the pupil of Lamperti in Dresden, which was the basis of her final success.

Miss Huntington was born in Kalamazoo, that city with a euphonious name, and she found her advent into the great metropolis full of heartaches and drawbacks. However, a good fairy presided over her destiny and all things came to her. After a signal success in London she returned to her native country and was married to Paul Cravath, a distinguished lawyer. New York music lovers in the old days still remember the lovely Agnes Huntington, prima donna of the Ideal Boston Company.

Edna May, now Mrs. Oscar Lewisohn, is another well-known actress who left the stage to join society's ranks.

In the old Casino days Edna May made such a hit in "The Belle of New York" that she became famous in a single night. From chorus girl she rose to the ranks of a musical comedy star and sang so charmingly and delightfully that she won audiences both in America and Europe, and soon became a belle both off and on the stage.



MISS MAY made her début in "Santa Maria" and afterwards appeared in "The Casino Girl," "The School Girl," "The Catch of the Season," "Violet Gray" and "The American Beauty." She starred in "The Casino Girl" both in this country and England. In spite of the honors and success that came to her, the former star declares she has left the stage both in fact and spirit, and that to-day it has no more fascination for her than a mud puddle. However, she admits she enjoys witnessing the achievements of others. She says she finds a husband, a home and golf a splendid substitute for the footlights and thoroughly enjoys domesticity.

Once in England, since her marriage, she appeared for charity and found she had forgotten almost every line of her old repertoire, so little had her thoughts dwelt on these old days. Since their marriage Mr. and Mrs. Lewisohn have spent the greater part of the time in London, where they have a large estate, and in Scotland.

The romance of Mr. and Mrs. Lewisohn dates from an automobile collision at Forty-fifth Street and Broadway, after which Mr. Lewisohn became an ardent suitor, following her to Chicago, thence to London. Once he was quoted as saying it took perseverance to win, for the former actress gave him the negative answer three times, but the fourth time he won out.

While women have gone from the stage to grace the social realm there has been a tendency in the reverse direction. Several representatives of the four hundred have won spurs as playwrights. Prominent among these are Edith Wharton and Blanche Schoemaker Wagstaff, Jr. Both are beautiful and charming women and wear such exquisite gowns that either could not answer the description of the "blue stocking" type in the matter of dress. Mrs. Wagstaff's play, "Alcestis," was presented by the Coburn Company at the Hudson Theatre and colleges, while the work of Mrs. Wharton is well known to all patrons of the theatres.



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Campbell

MRS. WILLIAM ASTOR CHANLER

(Left) When she was Minnie Ashley, member of the "San Toy" company. (Right) As she is today with her children, Theodore and William



Marceau



MRS. GEORGE GOULD

(Left) The well-known society leader. (Right) When Edith Kingdon, in Augustin Daly's company



Sarony

MRS. AUGUST BELMONT

(Left) As theatregoers remember her when she was Eleanor Robson. (Right) As society knows her



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MRS. PAUL CRAVATH

(Left) When she was Agnes Huntington in comic opera. (Right) As seen with her daughter, Vera, at the Horse Show

DAVID GARRICK 1717-1917

By MAX J. HERZBERG



WAS David Garrick the greatest of all actors who have trod the stage?

This perennial question is raised again this year, the bicentenary of Garrick's birth—February 19, 1717.

The art of actors in general has been compared to the famous statue which Michael Angelo once made out of snow—it is lovely for a moment, then is lost forever. But David Garrick was fortunate in that he was one of the famous circle of Dr. Samuel Johnson. As a consequence, the man and his art have been kept fresh in our memory. The records of Boswell, Mrs. Thrale, and the other chroniclers of the great lexicographer make frequent and vivid references to the equally great actor.

Moreover, Garrick himself wrote a large number of plays, and so gained another niche in the history of the drama. He also was the first to establish the principle that Shakespeare be presented unaltered and unrevised on the stage, and although his practice varied occasionally from his principle, he still finds honorable mention in Shakespearean criticism. In many ways, therefore Garrick has enjoyed somewhat unexpected immortality.

The actor was of Huguenot descent. His father was an army captain; some of his relatives were wine-merchants. He received his education at various schools, including that of Dr. Johnson at Lichfield. He went to London with his erstwhile instructor in 1737. Johnson humorously insists that when they reached London, Garrick had only three half-pence in his pocket, and Johnson himself only two pence half-penny in his.

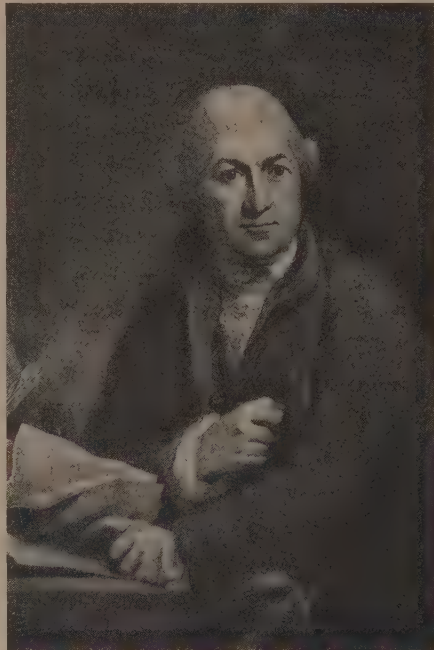


GARRICK'S first appearance on the stage was in 1741, in "Oroono-ko." Later in the same year, he assumed the rôle of Richard III, a part in which he was to become famous.

It was during these early days in London that the name of Peg Woffington (immortalized in Charles Reade's novel) is associated with that of Garrick. Margaret Woffington had won the admiration of Garrick before he himself appeared on the stage. She was, by every testimony, a woman of extraordinary charm. Tom Davies, the bookseller-actor, called her "the most beautiful woman that ever adorned a theatre." Even a rival for the favors of the town, Anne Bellamy, described her as "the enchantress of all hearts." Up to the time when she met Garrick, Peg's career had been romantic enough. Her father, an Irishman, was, like Ben Jonson's step-father, a bricklayer; when he died, her mother lived in great poverty. From a very early age Peg assisted one Madame Violante, who ran a theatre-booth in Dublin. Her mistress perceived her talent and beauty, and began instructing her for the stage.

At the age of eleven, Peg acted the part of Polly Peachum, in Gay's "Beggars' Opera," and soon won the applause of Dublin in other rôles. In 1740 she went to London, and was equally successful there. Peg was notable for her freedom from a frequent failing of the world back of the curtain; she never objected to being assigned minor parts, and performed with equal cheerfulness and ability the Queen in "Hamlet" and Cordelia in "King Lear," Lady Percy in "Henry IV" and Rosalind in "As You Like It." To her audiences she was familiarly and popularly known as "Woff."

It is believed that Macklin, one of Garrick's best friends at the time in the contemporary theatre, made Garrick and Mrs. Woffington acquainted. The acquaintance ripened into friendship, and then into intimacy. The "dual association," as it has been called, lasted for about two years. Garrick really harbored serious intentions; he actually went to the point of purchasing a wedding ring and setting a wedding day. But Peg was not intended for any rôle on the domestic stage. Quarrels and disillusionment came, and the couple parted. According to the malicious gossip of the time, Peg and David each re-



DAVID GARRICK

Believed by many critics to be the greatest actor who ever trod the stage

turned the other's gifts, but David frugally retained a pair of diamond shoe buckles.

Mrs. Woffington in later days retired from the stage, and came under Methodist influences. She built alms-houses and died rich, in 1760. Meanwhile, her former admirer went on to conquer new worlds.

Garrick's name is chiefly associated with the Drury Lane Theatre, of which he became joint-manager in 1747, and with which his connection continued until his retirement from the stage in 1776. In 1749 he married Mlle. Violetti, a Vienna danseuse, and it was Garrick's boast that he and his wife, throughout their lives together, had never been separated from each other for as long a period as twenty-four hours.



IN 1769 Garrick conducted a notable jubilee in Shakespeare's honor at Stratford-on-Avon. He did much throughout his career to restore the original form of Shakespeare's plays in the acting versions. He became a member of Johnson's Literary Club, and there and elsewhere associated with the foremost wits and noblemen of the day. Among his farces the best known are "The Lying Valet," "The Clandestine Marriage," "Lethe," and "High Life Below Stairs." In addition to his plays, Garrick wrote hundreds of prologues for other dramatists and for special perform-

ances. He himself received the distinction that Johnson wrote a prologue for him, in which occur the famous lines descriptive of the actor's art:

*"The drama's laws the drama's patrons give,
And we that live to please, must please to live."*

Garrick died in 1779, and was buried in Westminster Abbey with impressive honors. He and Sir Henry Irving are probably the only actors who have ever received this national distinction. Edmund Burke composed an epitaph for him, which was however never used. This reads: "He raised the character of his profession to the rank of a liberal art." Dr. Johnson, on the occasion of his death, uttered a sentence that has become proverbial: "I am disappointed by that stroke of death which eclipsed the gayety of nations and impoverished the stock of harmless pleasure." These words his widow caused to be inscribed on the monument to Garrick at Lichfield. Mrs. Garrick survived her husband for a great many years, in the enjoyment of a large fortune.



THE art of Garrick was greatest because of the fact that he surpassed in every division of the actor's sphere. He was equally the master of tragedy and of comedy. When he had but just begun his career, the poet Alexander Pope said of him: "That young man never had his equal, and never will have his rival," an assertion that many good judges of his own time and many critics since his day have completely endorsed. Shireff, the miniature painter, who was deaf and dumb, followed Garrick's performances closely, and said he understood him perfectly—"His face was a language."

Garrick once criticized a fellow actor, who was simulating a drunken man, for *not being drunk in his legs*. A contemporary asserted that when Garrick played King Lear, his very stick acted. It is on record that Garrick, in his function of manager, naturally had numerous disagreements with his fellow-actors. On one occasion, Mrs. Clive, a notable figure on the stage during the mid-eighteenth century, stood after a tiff at the wings of Drury Lane and watched Garrick act. Moved in her own despite, she turned away in anger, and said: "Confound him! he could act a gridiron!"

So natural, indeed, was Garrick's acting that it evoked the famous comment of Partridge in Fielding's "Tom Jones," when he took Hamlet's fear of the Ghost for mere matter of course. The actors themselves, if we may credit an anecdote that is at least *ben trovato*, were sometimes deceived. When Garrick said to the First Murderer in "Macbeth," with all his customary concentration of intensity, "There's blood upon thy face," the man put up his hand with a start and cried, "Is there, by God?"

Garrick in his own day was accused of many personal faults, from some of which time or the testimony of his contemporaries has vindicated him. Among the traits of an unpleasant kind frequently ascribed to him were affectation, conceit, stinginess, inhospitality to new dramatists, and jealousy of other actors. As to his stinginess, Dr. Johnson testified that to his own knowledge Garrick gave away more money than any other man in London. The charge that he was not especially friendly to those who sent him plays is one (Concluded on page 190)



Garrick's birthplace at Hereford. The house was a public inn known as the Angel



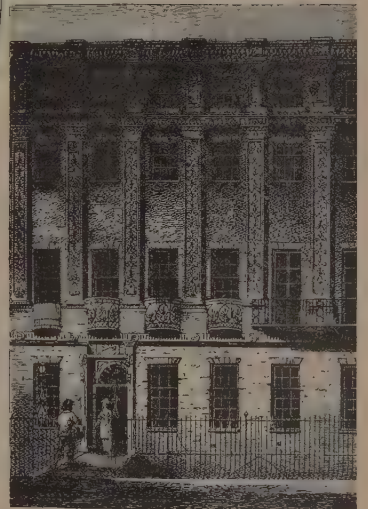
Temple in honor of Shakespeare erected by Garrick in the gardens of Hampton



Garrick as Richard III, his most famous role



Monument to Garrick in Westminster Abbey



Garrick's London residence purchased by the actor in 1771



Althorpe, Northamptonshire, the scene of Garrick's last attempt at social enjoyment



Mulberry tree planted by Garrick at Abington, Northamptonshire, as spot connected with the last descendant of Shakespeare



Hampton House, Garrick's country seat. He gave there a splendid fete when the grounds were illuminated with 6000 lamps

SCENES IN THE LIFE OF THE GREAT ENGLISH ACTOR, DAVID GARRICK

THE GENTLE ART OF COMEDY

By HENRIETTA CROSMAN



IF I were asked to define the word comedy—I believe that no amount of thought would bring forth a finer definition than the speech in "Getting Married," in which Mr. Shaw makes the Bishop say that "humor is a divine attribute."

I quite agree with Mr. Shaw. Comedy, no matter whether it be the rough and tumble fun of the motion picture screen, or the subtle wit of some great mind, produces a condition in the minds of the audience that carries them away from the petty cares and heartaches of their daily life, and in making them laugh—makes them rest their burdens if even for the moment, and starts them out with renewed strength.

This statement sounds decidedly academic—and comedy is supposed to be spontaneous. It is—but not always for the one producing the laugh. First—a comedian must be born with a greater sense of humor than the majority of people—and secondly he must develop his brain so that unconsciously he is constantly studying the people about him.

As an example of what I mean by unconsciously studying the people about him—a young actor of my acquaintance was called upon to express the greatest amazement. It was a difficult bit—but a very funny one, and the young man in question was not able to make the desired impression at rehearsal till he remembered the expression on the face of a man in a subway train who in reaching for his handkerchief, pulled out several yards of narrow lace. The incident had occurred a year before, but from the storehouse of the young comedian's mind it had come back to help him make people laugh.



THE production of comedy—how to make other people laugh, is a fine art which while it may be inborn has to be developed through hard work. You take the humorist among your own circle of friends—and he is funny because you know him well—and know the people he jokes about. The actor or actress who undertakes to make you laugh has to create the exact condition in your minds. If a woman in a play is funny she has first to throw the personality of her character into the minds of her audience, or else they would not know that she was an amusing creature—a person with a large heart capable of tears as well as laughter.

This later condition is something that not all people realize. Too often comedy is classed with rough and tumble play, which in its essential sense is hardly real humor. "To make them laugh you have to make them cry," was a line I heard somewhere—and a line that is exceedingly true. Heart and art are different only because of the two first letters; in reality they are practically identical.

Whenever I am to play a new comedy part, and it is a number of years since I have played any other type of rôle, I study the character in relation to the other characters of the play, and find out first how she is regarded by the rest of the persons that make up the world of the comedy. When this has been firmly established in my mind I look about me in search of a character or type that will aid me in making my portrayal natural. One of the greatest arts in comedy is to make your character so perfectly unlike a stage personage that the audience will associate it with people they know in their everyday life. When a man or woman remark

on the fact that Mrs. Smith in the play is just like Mrs. Jones that lives on the next street, they have given a performer the greatest possible compliment—that of naturalness.

As a whole, comedy rôles are very much alike. There are certain types of women that are funny, others that are sad—and still others that are just wholesome beings capable of no great depths of joy or sorrow, and extremely pleasant to have about. Except for certain degrees of refinement, the comedienness of this world have not changed to any great extent since the first dramas were written. The comedy of Shakespeare's ladies is the comedy of Fifth Avenue, New York.



LAST year I had the opportunity of playing in the "Merry Wives of Windsor." Mistress Page and Mistress Ford are rather rough in their manner, but except for a broadness in their speech which, after all, was not impolite in their time—they are not at all unlike many women of to-day.

When Mr. Faversham asked me to play with him in his production of "Getting Married," I went to my library in order to read the play and to establish the character of Mrs. George firmly in my mind. Strangely enough, I was first impressed with the fact that Mrs. George was not an altogether different type than the Shakespearean woman I had recently portrayed. If Mrs. George had been a perfect lady, she would not have answered Soames—or Father Anthony as he prefers to be called—by slapping him on the back when he asks her: "Do you think that a man who has Sung the Magnificat and adored the Queen of Heaven has any ears for such trash as that, or any eyes for such trash as you—saving your poor little soul's presence? Go home to your duties, woman."

But Mrs. George is entertaining, and to me she is rather pathetic. That is the way I have tried to portray her. She is a mischievous little flirt, but she has a great and wholesome love for the Bishop. That she is not vulgar and has some finer qualities, is shown when she tried her best to keep hidden her admiration for the man she worships from afar, and so successfully does she do it that she is genuinely amazed to find that he has read the anonymous letters she has been sending him. All these little touches are guide posts to the portrayal of a character, that must be perfectly understandable, yet have an undeniable subtlety.

Then, too, Mrs. George has a wonderful sense of justice. She sees immediately what is right and wrong for the various characters who come so suddenly into her life—and even while it amuses her to play with Hotchkiss, I feel fairly confident that she is the type of woman who would carry on her little flirtation with Hotchkiss if only to show Leo that she and Reginald are true lovers and that Hotchkiss is a really unimportant factor in their lives.



ALL these small matters have to be very carefully considered by any actress portraying a comedy rôle. A misconception in the method of playing Mrs. George might make her vulgar. Of course, an actress playing such a rôle has to realize that Mrs. George thoroughly enjoys the fact that she is the Lady Mayoress, and insists on having all the pomp and ceremony

that goes with the title, but that her ostentation is natural, and her enjoyment equally so.

A few years ago I played in "Sham"—a comedy of a girl who revolted from the sham existence she lived in, and decided that she would be herself. Her feelings were of the very finest—she was such a lady that she could not go on with the pretense any longer—and in order to satisfy her soul's demand for truth she was willing to go out and work with her hands. It was comedy, pure light comedy, and Catherine Van Riper was just as amusing in her manner as Mistress Page—or Mrs. George, and excepting the minor details the same arts are commanded in the playing of all three parts.

It may be a surprise to many people unaccustomed to the art of comedy as it appears to the actor or actress playing a humorous rôle, but one of the means in making an audience laugh is not with the speech, but with the eye. Clever pantomime is almost indispensable for the perfect playing of a humorous part. Very often the best laughs in a play have come just through a gesture, and a single word. A comedian can say the most commonplace sentence and by his eyebrows or a sudden smile, give the words a meaning that would be hidden in ordinary speech.

Almost as a summary of the gentle art of comedy might come the statement that comedians, male or female, are born and not made. One has to be born with that "divine attribute" that Mr. Shaw talks about, and one has to work to attain a polish.

I wonder if you have ever noticed that in real life, and consequently on the stage, there is very little comedy in early man or womanhood. There is plenty to laugh at at thirty or thirty-five, and lots of fun, for those who look on, in being seven or seventeen—but one finds very little that is truly humorous about a girl of twenty-four or five. She may be sweet, romantic, lovable, but she is not yet truly humorous. It is because she is running the first gamut of her emotions that she is not funny, and later on will reach a point when these emotions are not to be taken too seriously, and humor can come creeping into even the disappointments of her life.



PERSONALLY, I have always felt that my own stage development has always been most natural when contrasted with my womanhood. I was sixteen when I first went on the stage—ready to play any part that was offered me, and courageous enough to undertake any rôle. My first engagement was at the Soldier's Home, Dayton, Ohio, in stock, and after a time, incidentally after some hard work, I became a leading lady, playing largely emotional rôles. A rather amusing incident in my career—that is in the light of my later success, was when Mr. Fields of the Boston Museum sent for me, thinking that I might do for his leading woman the following season, but after a talk decided that he did not think that I would do because he was afraid I "could not play comedy."

I felt at that time that comedy was my forte, rather than emotional rôles, and I kept trying to persuade some manager to allow me to try a comedy rôle. A few years later my chance came—and the best proof that I did not overestimate my ability is the fact that since then I have played practically nothing but characters that amuse.



From a portrait, copyright, Iva L. Hill

H E N R I E T T A C R O S M A N

This popular and distinguished comedienne has recently been delighting audiences at the Booth Theatre with her admirable impersonation of Mrs. George in Shaw's comedy, "Getting Married"

BRUSSELS THEATRES IN WAR TIME

By ROY TEMPLE HOUSE

MEMBER OF THE AMERICAN COMMISSION FOR RELIEF IN BELGIUM



WHEN the Germans marched into Brussels and took over the government, they found the peaceable civilians of Belgium's capital stunned, cowed.

For weeks the Belgian population scarcely knew what to expect from hour to hour. Louvain was sacked, there was fierce fighting from Antwerp to Malines. The Bruxellois scarcely dared breathe. The idea of public amusement was the last thing to enter their poor, tortured heads.

The air grew clearer. The storm swept on over the French frontier, and Brussels was left in an area of calm.

The German government was not precisely paternal, but it was business-like and dependable. The citizens discovered that if they obeyed the edicts which appeared in three languages on the walls every day or two, they could go on about their business, and even about their pleasure, much as they had done before. In the course of a few months, several of the theatres reopened.

Two of them had become German property. The only grand opera which has been heard in Brussels since the German occupation has been German opera. Once each winter a group of distinguished artists from various parts of the Empire has given a series of half a dozen performances at the Théâtre de la Monnaie.

It goes without saying that the audience has been exclusively German. The Belgian who appeared at a German public function would be reckoned by his countrymen the blackest of

traitors. But the German population of Brussels, which mounts into the thousands even in peace times, is considerable to-day, what with the German officials, the garrison, and the normal German population which has stuck by its adopted home, reasoning perhaps that the American Relief Commission's supplies, furnished to all residents of Belgium whose residence antedates August, 1914, no matter what their nationality, are to be preferred to the meager ration in Germany itself. And since the American Commission has been mentioned, it is not easy to forget the predicament of its members in the winter of 1915, when the German government of Belgium presented each of them with a ticket to the opera, and their Belgian protégés pointed out to them that attendance at the German opera was a heinous violation of neutrality. Perhaps the Germans themselves realized later that they had made things unnecessarily difficult for the neutrals by their generosity. At any rate the next year the Americans were not invited.

The little Théâtre du Parc, in the Palace Gardens, naturally went to the Germans when they confiscated the Palace for a military lazaret and the Park for an exercise ground. The little theatre became the Park Theatre, and presents a German classic every evening, in the wonted didactic style of the German municipal theatre. It is a most praiseworthy and pleasant institution—for the Germans, for no Belgian has seen the interior since it changed its speech and name.

When the Bruxellois got his wits together and ventured out into the open, he developed his plan of action for the months or years during which he would be compelled to endure the German yoke. He would submit to the foreign government, as a caged lion who has convinced himself of the futility of resistance, might submit to his keeper. He would do the oppressor's will, but he would never touch hands or hearts with the oppressor. Many of the upper class citizens determined to observe a sort of Lent, a sort of national mourning, for the period of captivity. I never saw a dress suit, except on the back of a foreigner, during my stay in Brussels. Thousands of the population refuse absolutely to attend the theatre or any general social function.

But several of the smaller theatres have picked up a clientèle and are now open regularly. The Molière, the Maison de Verre, the Bois Sacré, the Gaité, a Flemish theatre or two, now play to audiences which fill their modest precincts very comfortably. The young Parisian actress, Yvonne Georges, caught by the war and held a prisoner in Brussels for now the third season, is giving much of her time to the Belgian capital.

But everywhere, in a box next to the stage, sits a bored German officer—the censor!

The theatres might become hotbeds of incendiarism if they were not watched at every turn. So Cyrano at his bravest and Tartuffe at his oiliest stand ready to desist instantly at the behest of the alien.

JOHN CHARLES THOMAS—MATINEE IDOL

By ADA PATTERSON



MOTHER used to wrap me in a buffalo robe and put me under the pulpit to sleep."

John Charles Thomas glanced down at his long legs, and slightly twisted his broad shoulders. A widening of his smile denoted his appreciation of the incongruity of his past with his present. The big blonde boy is in his early twenties. Such brawn and beauty had no commonplace origin. Men as big and fair, as blue of eye, as Titanic in height and sweep of shoulders, once patrolled the North Sea, and scuttled the ships and appropriated their treasures.

The soldier boy of "Her Soldier Boy" troubles not to trace back to the Norse pirates. "I was born at Myerdale, Pa.," he says. "My father and mother were both Americans." Which is enough for him, but not enough for the matinee girls who cast idolatrous eyes upon him and address to him hyper-sentimental notes.

John Charles Thomas's life falls naturally into two divisions. The last three years include his reign on Broadway, as a strong revival of the perishing type of the matinee idol. On his first appearance, at the Winter Garden, in a brief singing but long looking rôle in "The Passing Show of 1913," he provoked feminine sentiment and sentimentality. When he warbled love ballads to Trentini in "The Peasant Girl" and when in Tyrolean costume he climbed the Alps, and, silhouetted against a glacier, sang his ardent love to Miss Namara, and while repeating the same

assurance of deathless love to Beth Lydy in "Her Soldier Boy," he has caused palpitations in the heart of the modern matinee girl.

Girls no longer gather at the stage door in such throngs that a man must fling his cloak over his face and dash to his carriage as Harry Montagu, the matinee idol of our mothers, did at Wallack's. Such intense personal curiosity is

no longer good form. The correct thing, if you are a matinee idol worshipper, is to invite him to tea or dinner. Such expressions of matinee maidens and matinee matrons interest John Charles Thomas receives in large numbers.

"Mrs. Thomas sees them all." The dimples come and go. The matinee idol looks a bit grave, a shade stern, at thought of the daily downpour of girl-penned letters.

The young man's earliest recollection is of being taken to school at three years of age. Singing in the choirs of the churches in which his father preached, in the small towns of Virginia, West Virginia and Maryland, occupied most of the twenty years. He matriculated as a student at the Mount Street Medical School of Baltimore, but was more deeply interested in his studies at the Peabody Conservatory of Music in the same city. Finally Peabody won. Not because he loved medicine less but he loved music more.

He went from choir to choir at the behest of larger and larger congregations. While he sang in a church at Newark he called on Henry W. Savage to discuss opera with him.

Mr. Savage later sent for him. "You will feel at home in the sermon play 'Everywoman'" said Mr. Savage. The young man went on tour with the company. He joined De Wolf Hopper on tour in his Gilbert-Sullivan revival. Then "The Passing Show of 1913."



White

JOHN CHARLES THOMAS
Now in "Her Soldier Boy"



© Ira L. Hill

PEGGY WOOD

Who in "Love o' Mike" at the Shubert is now playing her namesake—Peggy



© Campbell

REINE DAVIES

In "Canary Cottage" Miss Davies has scored another musical comedy hit



© Ira L. Hill

SARI PETRASS

The charming Hungarian prima donna who is singing her way into the hearts of American audiences in "The Beautiful Unknown"



Sarony

ALICE LINDAHL

Who, as Polly Jordan, is helping to make the revival of "The Great Divide" a notable success



© Ira L. Hill

CHRISTINE NORMAN

This interesting young actress is now appearing as Nancy Ives in "Upstairs and Down" at the Cort

BEFORE THE FOOTLIGHTS—FIVE CHARMING PLAYERS

STAGE PARTNERSHIPS

By HELEN TEN BROECK



NEVER before in the history of the stage, has New York been the scene of so many alliances in which the domestic and the dramatic blended in a happy and financially fortunate accord, as now.

At the Globe Theatre Laurette Taylor is winning bright laurels in a new play written by her husband, who is her business partner in the opulent percentages earned by the piece and the star.

A stone's throw away, at the Forty-eighth Street Theatre, Margaret Wycherly is nightly enacting the principal rôle in a gripping drama by her husband Bayard Veiller, who also gave the stage a great success in "Within the Law" a few seasons ago.

William Hodge has just moved away from Maxine Elliott's Theatre in "Fixing Sister," a comedy very largely written by Mrs. Hodge (the pretty Helen Hale of other days.) Fola La Follette, daughter of a United States senator, eminent suffragist and apostle of feminine freedom, is negotiating for an early appearance in a play by George Middleton to whom she has been married for several years, and Lou-Tellegen enters into the artistic life of his wife the idol of the opera, Geraldine Farrar, by designing her costumes and supplying much of the stage business and atmosphere in her new rôle of "Thais." Edgar Selwyn is allied in business and art with his wife, Margaret Mayo, whose plays he produces with great profit, and the list of similar partnerships is a long one.



WHILE the photographer was doing his best to induce his camera to do justice to the central figure in "The Thirteenth Chair," both Miss Wycherly and Mr. Veiller chatted (in collaboration,) about the very advantageous features of a stage partnership between husband and wife. "All Mr. Bayard's heroines were originally written for me," said Miss Wycherly.

"In my first play," interpolated Mr. Bayard musingly, "I wrote seven characters for her to create."

"It was a protean skit for vaudeville," explained Miss Wycherly. "Mary Turner," in "Within the Law," was written for me, too; but no manager thought I could make good in the central rôle; and so Mr. Veiller played a little joke on the producer." Here Miss Wycherly threw a mischievous glance—almost a flirtatious glance it was—at her husband, and Mr. Veiller laughed and intimated that the joke was a good one.

"You don't call 'The Thirteenth Chair' a joke?" I questioned in a tone of stern reproach.

"Well," laughed Miss Wycherly, "Mr. Veiller wrote a rôle for the central feminine figure that no actress on Broadway wanted to play, so that I should be certain to capture it. The wrinkles and gray wig of the medium, Mrs. La. Grange, frightened them off the premises. And the joke was that I got the part that nobody wanted—except me."

But the subtler joke, perhaps, lies in the fact that the leading women who refused to look at the part as a desirable one are now with one accord begging to play it in Chicago or Boston—but Miss Wycherly failed to mention that aspect of the jest.

"I wonder," I remarked, vaguely, "whether a playwright isn't in danger of facing a natural

limitation, when he is inspired always by one woman, in his work?"

"Not likely," cried Mr. Veiller, with deep conviction. "There is only one woman in the universe. All the variants are matters of mood and circumstance. Juliet is the same woman as Medea. Jeanne d'Arc is another Camille with a passion for France rather than for a Frenchman. Salome is another Cordelia. The extremist of modern women, no matter how she may strive to get away from her type, is not one whit different from a long-ago lady named Eve. It's the work of the man who makes a book or a play, to create chains of events and put the woman in the path of results. The rest is a matter of logic, of psychology, of cause and effect."



ANOTHER marital and artistic partnership that has worked out to the high advantage of the theatre, is that of Mrs. Fiske and her husband, Harrison Grey Fiske. Not only is Mr. Fiske the business director of his wife's professional tours, but he has written one original play "Hester Crewe" and adapted another "The Queen of Liars," from a French source, for her use.

Laurette Taylor thinks that the matter of partnership between a dramatist and an actress is worked out most satisfactorily in the domestic circle, because the knowledge of literature possessed and employed by one partner, complements and fulfils the dramatic intuition and trained stage technique that are the equipment of the other member of the firm.

"After Mr. Manners wrote 'Peg o' My Heart,' my ambition for his work stirred me to urge him to write a new play—a PLAY, you know not a vehicle for me. All his friends and his critics thought, 'ha-ha! he will go on writing Laurette Taylor parts all his life, poor chap;' but in 'The Return of Eve' and 'The Harp of Life,' you couldn't find a Laurette Taylor part with a microscope. 'Write a play,' I said, 'and if there isn't a star part in it, never mind.'"

And "The Harp of Life," which has struck high chords for the actress and the dramatist, came out of that partnership advice.



EDGAR SELWYN, who is matrimonial and business partner of Margaret Mayo, chuckles when he tells that he had to become a producing manager because no regular impresario would produce Miss Mayo's plays. Now, so well has the partnership worked out, managers here and abroad are clamoring for pieces from her pen, but Mr. Selwyn chuckles again and counts it great righteousness that he has tied his brilliant wife up with iron clad contracts to work only for the firm of Selwyn and its allied interests.

Louise Closser Hale and her husband have seldom acted in the same company, but a community of talent has filled the vacation seasons which they have spent for many years in travel over unusual paths. Mrs. Hale has written word pictures of scenes and events, which Mr. Hale has caught on the tip of his effective pencil with brilliant results.

Another artistic partnership in which both members are bound in the closer ties of marriage is that of Gatti-Casazza, administrator of the artistic destinies of the Metropolitan Opera, and Madame Frances Alda. Here is sounded a note

that differs from the harmonious unison with which dramatist and actresses seem to think that each is of assistance to the other.

"An artist," says Madame Alda, "who is married to her impresario, must put her personal ambitions behind her. Over, and over again, since my marriage, have I relinquished rôles that under any other management would naturally have fallen to me, in favor of other prima donnas. A director's wife must be, like Cæsar's, above suspicion of being pushed to the fore by her husband, and her professional ambition must be merged in his until it becomes a happy pleasure to stand aside and see other singers win the laurels she covets. One happiness is purchased at the cost of another. And that is Life."

So you see that Mme Alda is a philosopher as well as a successful prima donna and a successful wife.

Other musical partnerships that have worked out to high advantage are those in which Alma Gluck, prima donna soprano, and except Caruso alone, the most popular of "record singers," is happily married to Efrem Zimbalist. The happiest of homes is that of the renowned master of the bow and the fascinating soprano who find life one grand sweet song in which the head of the house supplies the *obligato*.

So with Susan Metcalf, the popular concert singer and Pablo Casals, the sensationally successful virtuoso. Both are more successful, both are happier, so their friends declare, because of the dual partnership of art and heart.



OSSIP GABRILOWITSCH, when he married Mark Twain's daughter Clara Clemens, contracted a two-fold alliance of music and matrimony, and he declares that his performances as a solo pianist give him less pleasure than is his reward when he accompanies his wife at her song recitals.

Madame Sembrich and Dr. Wilhelm Stengel comprise another firm of married musicians. Dr. Stengel is his wife's musical mentor, and as successful as a teacher, as is Marcella Sembrich as a prima donna.

This is true too, of Kennerly Rumford and Clara Butt, while Louise Homer draws inspiration from the songs of Sidney Homer, her composer husband, whose lyrics she sings as no other artist can interpret them.

Emma Eames confesses that she is happier as Mme. de Gogorza even, than as the great Juliet, the favorite Elsa and Senta of the Metropolitan and Covent Garden.

And the list of musical partnerships in which each member has drawn large dividends of fame and happiness might be extended much farther.

To return to the stage, there are Louis Mann and Clara Lipman. Miss Lipman, who is Mrs. Mann in private life, has successfully written plays in which her talented husband has won high distinction.

Mrs. Chauncey Olcott, who as the very beautiful Margaret O'Donovan, was a favorite niece of the O'Donovan Rossa, Ireland's famous patriot, has happily collaborated with Rida Johnson Young in some of her husband's most successful plays, and Mr. Olcott's present vehicle "The Heart of Paddy Whack," owes much of its charm and atmosphere to her acutely intelligent suggestions. Then, of course, there are the Hattons, Frederic and Fannie, whose (Concluded on page 186)



Bayard Veiller, author of "The Thirteenth Chair," and his wife, Margaret Wycherly, who enacts the leading role in his play



White

Not only has Mr. Fiske been director of his wife's professional tours, but he has also written plays for her



Edgar Selwyn, the matrimonial and business partner of Margaret Mayo, who produces the plays she writes. The couple are seen here in consultation over a new manuscript

(Right)

Walter and Louise Closser Hale seldom act together, but Mr. Hale illustrates his wife's word pictures of scenes and events



Frederic and Fanny Hatton, the well-known joint authors of "Upstairs and Down," "Years of Discretion," etc.



J. Hartley Manners and Laurette Taylor. Miss Taylor has achieved her greatest success on the stage in her husband's plays

OLD FAVORITES WITH NEW ACTS

By NELLIE REVELL



NOTHING endures but endless mutability," said Mr. Shelley, the poet. Of course, he wasn't thinking of American vaudeville when he said it, but his remark holds good there, too. The first month of our new year effected the return of many artistes whose names hold high places in the two-a-day, and none of them appeared in the acts of yesteryear. The old favorites had new material, obedient to Shelley's (or the U. B. O.'s) law of change. And for some unknown reason, most of them had the better material of their careers.

The Fates that deal out vaudeville vehicles are mysterious and not always kindly. They give a good actor a bad sketch. They give a bad singer a good song. They give a comedian with a poor delivery some ideas that smack of genius. But let a comedian have a convulsingly funny seriousness, and by the Fates' decree he has no original ideas in his own head nor the business faculty to go forth and buy the product of better brains.

Thus when some dozen of vaudeville's brightest stars all succeed in equipping themselves with acts of unusual merit, it is a matter deserving of comment. Perhaps 1917 is a lucky year. Or the artistes made good New Year's resolutions. Or perhaps their years of past experience, wherein twice a day they consciously or unconsciously study vaudeville's pulse, have brought forth perfect fruit. For any actor will tell you that he learns his art from his audiences.

The exactions of vaudeville audiences are not easy to discern or to meet. They are definite, even deafening, in their approval. But even the expert vaudeville diagnosticians often fail to locate the "why" of the audiences' lack of enthusiasm. Why the act "flopped," to use the professional slang, and how to cure it of this ignominious spinelessness is the artiste's constant endeavor. Brilliancy, personality, concentration—the vaudeville rule of three perplexes many. And greatness in other branches of the amusement world cannot always be translated into vaudeville greatness. Thus the vaudeville perfection is achieved only by experienced vaudevillians—an axiom which is again proved true by an examination of the new acts presented during January.

It is not an exaggeration to say that Louis Mann, Mlle. Dazie, Alan Brooks, and Evelyn Nesbitt and Jack Clifford presented vaudeville masterpieces. All of these have been headliners of long standing, "old favorites" of variety patrons. But their latest vehicles, if not flawless, excel all their previous efforts.

"Some Warriors," presented by Mr. Louis Mann, marks the zenith of his vaudeville career. His previous offerings have been most entertaining—Mr. Mann's character delineations would save the day for any sketch. But the new playlet not only affords Mr. Mann excellent opportunities, but as regards plot, novelty, comedy and cast needs no apologies. The act was written by Mr. Mann's wife, Miss Clara Lipman, in collaboration with Mr. Samuel Shipman. Miss

Lipman has a long list of plays to her credit and is experienced in the technique of the full length drama. "Some Warriors" shows her aptness for the vaudeville sketch. She has novelty in her subject—the delicate topic of neutrality, and she has handled it deftly, giving offence to none and extracting real comedy. The militarist who would make a fighting machine out of every man, disregarding his ability in all other lines, is her theme, and Miss Lipman has set it forth with true vaudeville "punch." She has not quite the succinctness necessary for the playlet; but with the exception of shortening a few of the speeches, "Some Warriors" merits great praise.



THE scene is laid in a barn in the present theatre of war, General Von Wahnhausen's headquarters. Richard Strauss, the composer, is shown as a common soldier—to make mock of the maxim that a man who can't fight is useless. The spectacle of the great genius doing the manual labor of the camp—his wounded finger releases him from actual gunwork in the trenches—is a potent argument. And as played by Mr. Louis Mann he is a "regular human being"—a lovable person with frankness of a child and the picturesque phraseology of homely German philosophy. To the barn comes Rostand, the French poet, bearing a message for his general during an armed truce. The composer and the poet are old friends, and their reunion is pathetic as well as deliciously humorous. Strauss doing valet services for his general and Rostand running errands!—is convincing enough satire on the wastefulness of the war machine. Supporting Mr. Mann were Robert Fisher, who was well placed as Rostand; Harold Cristie and Leslie Palmer as German generals.

Another impressive playlet was written as well as acted by Alan Brooks. Mr. Brooks always does something worth while even though he has to be drunk to do it! His stage inebriates are numbered among the two-a-day classics, and this latest portrait outranks all else in his gallery. "Dollars and Sense" is the title of his one-act comedy drama. It tells the story of one Helen, whose God is money; she refuses one Jack, played by Mr. Brooks, because he represents to her that his income is only five thousand a year, and she accepts one Billy, when she learns that he makes fifty thousand yearly. When Billy, eight years later, loses everything on a stock transaction, she deserts him. This bit of the past is shown as passing in the memory of Jack who has come home to his apartment in his customary state of intoxication at three A. M. From now on things happen in the present. The mercenary Helen comes to Jack's apartment and tells him she has loved him all along. Billy, the ruined husband, appears and makes accusations justified by the circumstances. But Jack, assisted by his Jap valet, cheerfully lies and explains and rearranges matters, incidentally restoring Billy's fortune—which, of course, restores the affections of money-mad Helen. Husband and wife depart reconciled. And Jack sinks back in an easy chair calling for high-balls. This complicated story Mr. Brooks has packed into a vaudeville-length playlet with a clarity that made for tenseness. The audience was roused to such excitement that it called him before the curtain and demanded a speech, after the manner of legitimate premières, which rite Mr. Brooks may soon be called on to observe, as he has been commissioned to elaborate his play into three acts.

Mr. Alexander Carr returns to vaudeville with the laurels of his "Mawruss Perlmutter" adding to his previous high regard by variety patrons. His dialect he brings with him for use in a sentimental drama written by himself in collaboration with Edgar Allan Woolf—a little trick of a play entitled "An April Shower," wherein Jacob Goodman (Alexander Carr) gives good advice to his niece and her fiancé. As simple as a ballad, and like the ballad always acceptable.

Turning to dancing, the new presentation of Mlle. Dazie, who is always the dainty artiste, maintains her high standard. Miss Evelyn Nesbitt and Mr. Jack Clifford have made tremendous strides in the past twelve months. They no longer have to depend upon their whirlwind finish to carry the act. They have earned a high place among our best dancers and most versatile entertainers. Who ever believed that Evelyn Nesbitt would become the legitimate headliner she is to-day? Enough cannot be said for her pluck and sturdy perseverance. She has developed a voice of charming quality and considerable range. She has the knack of choosing striking costumes and scenery. And under Mr. Clifford's tutelage she has become a dancer of grace and speed. The new act shown at the Riverside Theatre, the newest

(Concluded on page 190)



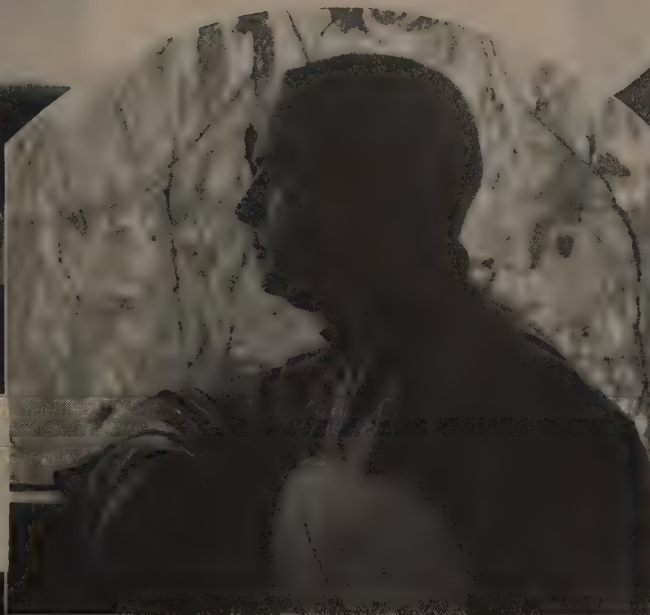
Photo Campbell

FRANCES WHITE

This diminutive player is undoubtedly one of vaudeville's most popular favorites



DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS
 The popular idol of filmdom whose success on the screen has been sensational, outdoing his earlier vogue on the legitimate stage



SIR HERBERT TREE
 The latest portrait of England's actor-knight now touring this country in "King Henry VIII"

JOHN BARRYMORE
 Recently in Galsworthy's tragedy, "Justice," and to be seen in an English version of Tolstoi's "The Living Corpse"



H. REEVES SMITH
 Playing opposite Emily Stevens in "The Unchastened Woman"

MAX LINDER
 The French comedian whose antics on the screen have amused millions

BRUCE McRAE
 Who is still telling Ruth Chatterton to "Come out of the Kitchen" at the Cohan Theatre



Photos Press
Illustrating Service

Miss Dunn arrives
at the stage door



Disrobing in her dressing room



Ready to make up



Adding years with
the aid of a pencil



Making the corkscrew curls



The completed character



Angie's first entrance on the stage

EMMA DUNN ARRIVING AT THE 39TH STREET THEATRE AND MAKING UP AS ANGIE IN "OLD LADY 31"

GETTING OLD IN AN HOUR

Footlight Fashions

TRADE MARK REG U.S. PAT. OFF.

By M^{LE}. MANHATTAN

COMÉDIE—SALONS—MODES

WITH laughing April lurking behind the wind-blown skirts of March, and only a little while away, it is small wonder that Milady finds herself just now, heavily preoccupied with Spring attire, nor that she spends long hours in earnest—shall I say prayerful?—consultation with her dress-maker.

The sartorial campaign for May in New York was planned weeks ago, and the Newport and Long Island wardrobe is the concern of the smartly gowned woman just now. So for a few prophecies.

As to the Summer silhouette, that, of course, will be soft and flowing, since fabrics for warm weather wear fail to lend themselves readily to the narrow or barrel skirted effect. Colors will be as soft, on one hand and as striking on the other as the cunning of the dyer, and the imagination of the designer can achieve.

Private "openings" for the display of the Summer's billowy muslins and organdies show that the crisp linens and the popular "khaki-kool" and "Yo-San," in carnivals of colorings have shared favor with the new designs and colorings in plain and figured crêpe de chînes, marquissettes, nets and chiffons.

There is no young matron with a finer sense of color and line than that of Mrs. Cyril Hatch, who inherits from her mother, the present Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt, an artistic taste in dress.

At the present moment Mrs. Hatch is not going out very much but she will beguile the hours of Lent with overseeing the construction of numbers of fetching Summer frocks and negligées. Of the latter the Martha Hedman model designed and invented by the charming young actress of "The Boomerang" and several times described and illustrated in these columns, is Mrs. Hatch's favorite. Exquisitely chic and dainty is a Summer negligée of palest green chiffon over Yo-San, that looks like seafoam as it billows gracefully around her feet. The filmy material is of an amazing fulness, three widths of the chiffon being gathered into one. A deep pointed collar is simulated in shirring that veils the whole shoulder back, reaching to the waist line in a deep point. More points of the shirring suggest, rather than form, a sort of tunic effect, and give a definite outline to the flowing skirt part of the graceful garment. Delicate gray silk is used for the shirring and back turned facings to the deep full sleeves match the tint of the silk thread. Gray suede slippers with old silver buckles

in which glow fine old topazes accompany this billowy house gown.

Yellow net is used for another negligée, made as loosely as the green one, but with flat bands of old filet lace running straight down the front and ruffling the primrose soiree underslip.

I never realized the fascinating possibilities of crisp figured lawns and organdies, with dainty lace and narrow velvet ribbons until I saw some twenty or more of these little garments included in Mrs. Hatch's collection.

Even the baby dresses which are being prepared in her sewing room are not more dainty and effective than these simple, flowing morning dresses made over silk slips and with lace employed in quaint and fetching ways on every one.

One in which round garlands of pink roses are carelessly tossed upon a sheer white ground, is made with

a pale heliotrope slip edged with wee roses made by hand from narrow ribbon. Flat bands of val insertion are made into a deep sailor collar which has wreaths of the ribbon roses at each corner, interlocking in a curiously effective design. A deep lace pocket is lined with heliotrope and has an outlining row of wee roses around it. The sleeve is a modified bell in shape, and a band of the lace (which, I omitted to say, is about three inches in depth) faces it at the wrist and little wreaths are placed here and there along the valenciennes.

Mrs. Hatch assures me that all these delicately charming frocks are made for the tub, but certainly the laundress who can turn them out in their pristine freshness is a heaven-sent treasure, such as these two eyes have never beheld.

Even in the unsettled weather which always prevails in late Febru-

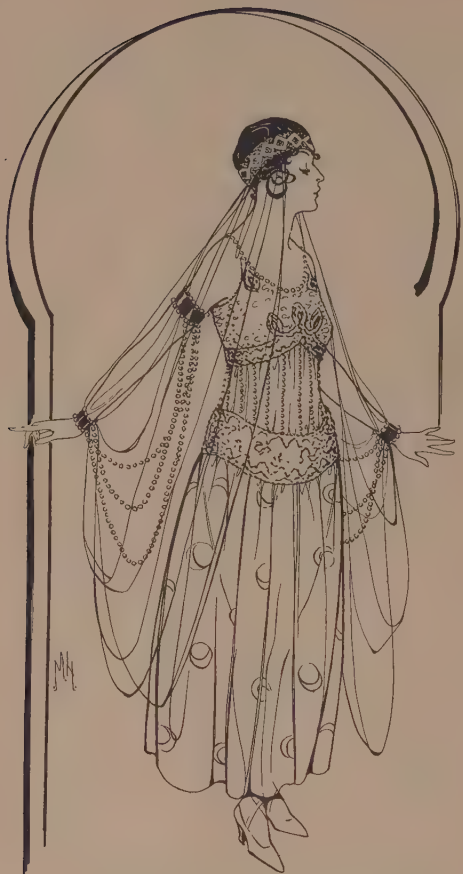
ary and March, everybody seems to be bent on country life, and Long Island has its devotees as well as Florida just now. For a party at Clarence Mackay's recently (not a regular "set" party, you know but one of these discreetly chosen gatherings Mr. Mackay entertains, now and again) one of our smartest young matrons chose an exquisite "Honolulu" frock and her costume was the happiest choice made by any dancer. For fear that your imagination may stagger appalled at the idea that Mr. Mackay's guest exposed the innocent gaze of his little daughters to a vision of an attire consisting of a few strands of seaweed and some betel-berries, I hasten to explain that this frock was Madame Julie's idea of what a Honolulu dress ought to be when bathed in the pale pink light of an artistic inspiration.

To begin, then: the Honolulu frock consisted of a transparent full petticoat of silky white pina gauze, with a fringe of vivid green grass about seven inches in depth at the hem. Over this was a pointed tunic of green soîrée embroidered over the whole surface with loosely strung paillettes suggesting pearls showing all colors of the Orient. At intervals the embroidery caught long, floating strands of the grass, in shades ranging from pale sea-green to a vivid emerald, with here and there a length of rusty brown. Ropes and ropes of pearls with a barbaric South Sea glitter of emeralds and diamonds were worn with this novel frock ("a naive frock" the host called it) and the happy wearer received no end of compliment upon having achieved an absolutely novel effect for the waning season. Late evenings at the opera have not been productive of much excitement in the sartorial line, but Mrs. Walter Brooks of Baltimore, who recently flashed over to New York to buy a frock or two, caused a ripple of interest when she appeared at the last performance of "Francesca de Rimini."

As you probably know Mrs. Brooks receives a big allowance from her stepfather, Edward Stotesbury, of Philadelphia, and she spends it with a discreet lavishness born of many calculating seasons as a débutante not too rich, and later as the wife of a man of rather moderate means. Elsie de Wolfe has been visiting Mrs. Brooks, and I fancied I saw a hint of Miss de Wolfe's impeccable good taste in the beautiful frock of pink and gold Mrs. Brooks wore—with a soul destroying wrap of sable and ermine, when she last



Miss Bayes' "Hollyhock" frock carries her audience straight to Grandmama's garden.



In this Oriental frock, Miss Bayes finds it difficult to make her feet behave. Only the American slippers prevent involuntary Nautch dances while she wears it

visited the opera house. How any woman who goes to and fro upon the face of the earth inciting the deadly sins of envy and malice to take up residence in the bosoms of her sisters can listen to Alda's singing with a clear conscience, I don't know. But Mrs. Brooks seemed quite serenely happy as she dragged her priceless furs across the floor of the lobby.

Alice Roosevelt Longworth, who is really one of the smartest women in America from the standpoint of well-chosen and properly worn costumes, heard Farrar's Carmen for the first time this month. Mrs. Longworth, who still clings to the well known "Alice Blue," chose that color for her evening gown. A shimmery quality of satin was the fabric selected, and it was fetchingly combined with orchid-colored tulle and showed touches of orchid velvet in the soft swathed bodice, which had one of the new turn-over fronts.

"A turn over" if you have not yet met that newest whim of fashion, is a straight bit of the bodice material simply turned down across the bust to form a sort of valance some four or five inches in depth. This flat fall must blaze with gems or with marvellously wrought embroidery spangled with shimmery mock jewels, and it is usually finished with a fringe of gold, silver or wee artificial flowers. Mrs. Longworth chose to cover her "turn over" with natural orchids, a short fringe of silver gleaming below the blossoms.

Florence Reed has just come into her own again as the central feminine figure of "The Wanderer" and one sees her, beautifully gowned here and there these days.

I spied her at Bendel's a few mornings ago chatting amiably with the pretty vendeuse who had just taken her order for two stunning frocks which will first see the light of day, I suspect at the next dance of the Sixty Club. You shall hear about them when they are finished.

In the meantime I am awaiting with fevered impatience Miss Mary Garden's new frocks, which she has promised shall be shown to THE

THEATRE MAGAZINE and no one else when they arrive next week from Paris.

Jane Cowl, flying straight in the face of the tradition that writing women are always frumps, signalized her entrance to membership of the Dramatist's Club by attiring herself in an evening frock of petunia net with silver bordered edges to the three-pointed tunics that formed the skirt.

A swathed bodice of silver with silver gauze for the long Venetian sleeves, made this a veritable picture-dress, and the older dramatists were stunned by the gorgeousness of their newest rival.

Nothing is farther from metaphysics than the cult of Christian Science, but Miss Nora Bayes who is a devoted disciple of that 'ology, is also steeped deep in psychic lore.

Miss Bayes applies psychology to her wardrobe, and her dancing dresses dance, she declares and her singing dresses sing whether they are appearing in public or hanging in her wardrobe!



Silver gray with touches of frivolous turquoise, soulful emerald and pale, emotional rose color, make the psychological character of this frock "modified Quaker"

During her season at the Liberty Theatre, where, of course, she has out-Guilbert-ed Yvette Guilbert in a series of successful matinées of song, Miss Bayes wore a number of frocks that certainly inspired all beholders with the spirit of the dance and of song, whether they joined in the rhythms of Miss Bayes' work or not.

"Now I ask you if any woman—any woman in the world could help wriggling in an Oriental dance when she is dressed in the Egyptian costume I am going to wear in my next song?"

Miss Bayes asked the question, and answered it in expressive pantomime that showed that she at least could not make her feet behave while she waited for the cue for her Oriental number.

White gauze is the foundation of this costume, and is employed also for the full Turkish trousers worn beneath it. A bodice of heavily embroidered silver gauze and bands similarly covered with sequins that encircle the bust and hip are connected by lines of jewels—turquoises, uncut emeralds, diamonds and pearls.

Greek are the sleeves with barbaric armlets and bracelets of broad hammered gold connected by ropes of pearls. A gauze veil with head band of jewels in the rough and—hush—American slippers finish the costume. The slippers Miss Bayes declares are only worn to make her feet behave, and she showed me regretfully some lovely Egyptian sandals and Turkish slippers, either of which foot gear she might well have worn with this compositely Oriental costume.

A number of adaptations of Miss Bayes' dress have been ordered by Southern beauties and the Mardi Gras at New Orleans, I expect, will look like a Nora Bayes matinée this year!

And there's a psychological connection, too, between Miss Bayes' next frock—an old-fashioned affair in which she sings old-time songs—and the smell and color of hollyhocks that bloom in grandmama's garden.

"I can smell hollyhocks every time I come out in this frock," she declared, "and I should simply have to carry a bouquet of sweet-williams and marigolds if I didn't upset the psychology of my hollyhock frock by wearing a mad spangled hat that would have shocked grandmama out of her garden and into her grave!"

Miss Bayes' "Hollyhock" dress is brocade—hollyhock green (you know the soft but lively shade—it's what the French call "vif") flowered with the exact color one sees at the heart of a red—hollyhock. The green appears in the facings of the panniers at the side and reappears in the petticoat, the girdle and collar.

The "mad" hat, is of gold lace stiffly wired into a flaring shape, with a crown of sequins and embroidery. It is tied under the chin with narrow black velvet ribbon, and the demure little muff is also of black ruffled with ermine.

One of the daintiest frocks the season's offerings at the theatre has brought forth, is a silvery gray crinoline effect worn by Miss Bayes in her "Love Letter" song. Silver satin is employed for the full skirt and old-fashioned "basque," and white Georgette is used in the deep collar,

(Concluded on page 176)



This is Blanche Bates' newest riding habit. Quite new are the triple collar, the self colored waistcoat, and the shortened "crop." Note the smart roll that gives cachet to the broad brimmed, bell crowned "topper"



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A DAY IN THE LIFE OF AN ARTIST

By Florence Walton



1. "Mammy" ushers in the breakfast tray and the photographer, together



"To match my gowns I require more than sixty pairs of stockings and slippers"

2. Miss Walton in a negligée of point d'esprit lace over flesh-toned Chiffon; coat of silver gauze shot with silver, and embroidered with big nosegays of silk and ribbon flowers in pastel shades



"I ride almost every day no matter how the weather is"

3. Black broadcloth riding habit by Nardi, with black and white waistcoat and black tie and a Knox hat

LAST night after the dance at the Biltmore that ends my day, I sat with M. Maurice and two of his friends and listened to a discussion that interested me vitally. The two guests who chatted with my husband were both noted legislators, and the topic they were analyzing was the proposed scheme for saving daylight by enacting a law to set the clock backward and forward to keep pace with the time when the sun rises and sets. I took no part in the arguments for or against the idea, but in my heart of hearts I offered up a fervent prayer that if the law could make the day a little longer, all our national law makers might be inspired to vote for such an enactment. For my idea of heaven is one long golden day in which one may find time for all the things one wants to do. I boldly confess that my favorite song is entitled "When the Days Grow Longer," and that I sing that yearning ditty at least three hundred and sixty-five times every year.

When I was a little girl, I used to think how lovely it must be to be an actress with nothing to do. A great star who flitted about from pleasure to pleasure through golden days and won applause at night from delighted audiences. Now I know that the actress who becomes a great star, pays the price of days that are barren of excitement, and filled with incessant work, and that even the girl who isn't a great star but only an ambitious dancer finds the hours all too short for the affairs that crowds out play in her busy, active life.

Perhaps THE THEATRE MAGAZINE will accompany me through the hours of an average day—I will not ask you to be my companion on a matinée day when the work is almost double.

* * *

Let us say that it is Thursday morning, because to-day happens to be Thursday. On this particular morning, I had my breakfast in bed (1)—the first time I have been so luxuriously lazy in ages; but to tell you the absolute and unvarnished truth, the artist from THE THEATRE MAGAZINE arrived at seven o'clock and "Mammy," the old-time devoted maid who has always been with me, ushered in the breakfast tray and the photographer together.

Usually my day begins with a bath and a half hour's brisk Delsarte exercise before breakfast, and I dress, fully for that meal—which consists, of course, of a cup of tea or cocoa and possibly a nibble at a bit of toast—nothing more. After breakfast I go out for a walk with my dogs (4)—a family of three interesting Pekingese—father, mother and child—to which I am devoted. My walking dresses are as quietly plain and inconspicuous as possible—the one I select this morning, is by Callot seurs—a full round skirt with a

double skirted coat loose and cumfy but with the unmistakable charm of cut which makes a Callot frock recognizable anywhere. Blue broadcloth with discreetly disposed touches of magenta embroidery and a loosely folded waistcoat of magenta broadcloth are employed in the making of this costume, and with it I wear a Knox hat of blue satin straw with a sprawling Indian orchid of magenta velvet at the front. The morning is chilly, and so my silver fox furs come out of retirement for the walk. Home again after a brisk trot up the avenue to the Park and back to the Biltmore, I change to a negligée and look over my mail and do the family bookkeeping—for in the firm of Maurice and Walton, I attend to the entire financial business, leaving M. Maurice free for the artistic duties of inventing new dances, rearranging old ones, as well as teaching and devising original steps for the programs we are invited to contribute to entertainments in society. The negligée I choose this morning is a great favorite of mine, and was made right here in New York. It consists of a skirt of ankle length, of point d'esprit lace over flesh-toned chiffon, with numbers of flat ruffles separated by narrow rolling folds of satin ribbon, of pastel shades. Over this I wear a long bell-sleeved coat, not meeting by five inches in front and bordered with eider down band—a second band encircling the coat four inches above the border at the bottom. The coat is made of a fascinating fabric—a sort of shot gauze of heliotrope and silver, and embroidered with big nosegays of flowers in pastel shades done in silks and narrow ribbon.

After my letters are disposed of and the day's business accounts cleared away, I select the two gowns I shall wear for the dances at the theatre and the Biltmore in the evening. With each frock I wear slippers and stockings carefully chosen to match the gown, and the artist caught me in a trying moment when I was attempting to find slippers to accompany a blue frock with metal embroidery that looked like moonlight, and lines of shimmering spangles that resembled silvery waves—not an easy task, believe me. I am glad that the picture shows my "armoire à Bottimes" (2)—a closet with shelves for shoes and stockings of my own devising. The boot shelves slope you see, so that one's slippers are always exactly in place, and do not slip about as they are likely to do on a flat shelf. As I possess foot gear to match every conceivable caprice in color or fabric of my dancing dresses, this necessitates more than sixty pairs of slippers and stockings. By the way you might be interested to know that I wear Onyx hosiery exclusively. After this important detail is settled—and it is important because my contracts both call for frequent changes of costume, and



ELSIE JANIS, now appearing in "The Century Girl", wearing a smart tailored hat of white milan straw trimmed with grosgrain ribbon.

KNOX HATS FOR MEN & WOMEN

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SINGER BUILDING

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"I love to walk accompanied by Lady, Chin-Chin and Baby"
4. Tailleur by Callot of blue broadcloth with magenta vest and touches of embroidery in the same deep rose hue



"Now for a brisk hour over the splendid ice at the Biltmore"
5. Skating costume by Hickson. Biscuit cloth with brown baby lamb border and pointed hood-collar

forbid me to appear in the same dress more than a few times, I sit down to serious study of French with a teacher who visits me daily. By this time M. Maurice has ended his morning engagements and we have luncheon together in our apartment. Then I change to skating costume and go for a brisk hour's glide over the splendid ice at the Biltmore (5).

My pet skating costume is by Hickson; it is of palest biscuit broadcloth, soft, light and satiny in texture, and is made with a full circular-skirted coat eight yards in width at the bottom but with only a graceful fullness at the hips. This coat is bordered with an eight-inch band of brown broadtail, and has a collar and scarf, with a deeply pointed capuchin hood of the same odd fur. With it I wear skating boots of buck leather matching the coat and a Russian skating cap of broadcloth banded high with the brown broadtail, and finished with a cockade of bronze coq plumes. After this exercise has brought the tingling blood into splendid circulation, comes the day's great trial—a visit to corset maker, shoe maker, tailor, milliner or dress maker, and the soul-trying, nerve-racking performance of trying on and trying on over and over again, until the eye is satisfied and personal comfort is assured without sacrifice of becomingness or chic. Sometimes, when none of these claims press on one's time, as to-day, I am able to enjoy a second hour of splendid exercise, and with M. Maurice I go for a ride in the park. As in my street costumes I prefer the sternest simplicity in my equestrian habit. I do not personally care for breeches and coats for riding, and I prefer the side saddle to the cross seat. To-day I select a habit of black broadcloth by Nardi (3); a severe Knox derby with black boots, black and white waistcoat, black tie and chamois gloves.

After this, home to the Biltmore again, and now I enjoy a delicious half hour while my maid massages my scalp and thoroughly brushes my hair, afterward dressing it for the evening. Now comes something which a stretch of the imagination may, perhaps call dinner—the lightest possible repast which is really a high tea, then a frolic with my three dogs, "Chin-Chin," "Lady" and "Baby," and a rehearsal of new dances with M. Maurice. By that time it is the hour for the theatre, and again I change to a one-piece tailor suit over which I slip a fur coat and with one of our pets we are off for "the Century Girl" (6). The frock I chose to-day is a Callot dress of green velvet with a deep Velasquez collar faced with close clipped ermine almost like white velvet. With it I select a coat of seal with band of sable for which Gunther sent all the way to Petrograd. Since this is a day dedicated to THE THEATRE MAGAZINE I shall wear at the Century for the first time a dress just sent me by the Callots which is, I think, the very loveliest creation I have ever worn (7). The foundation

(Concluded on page 183)



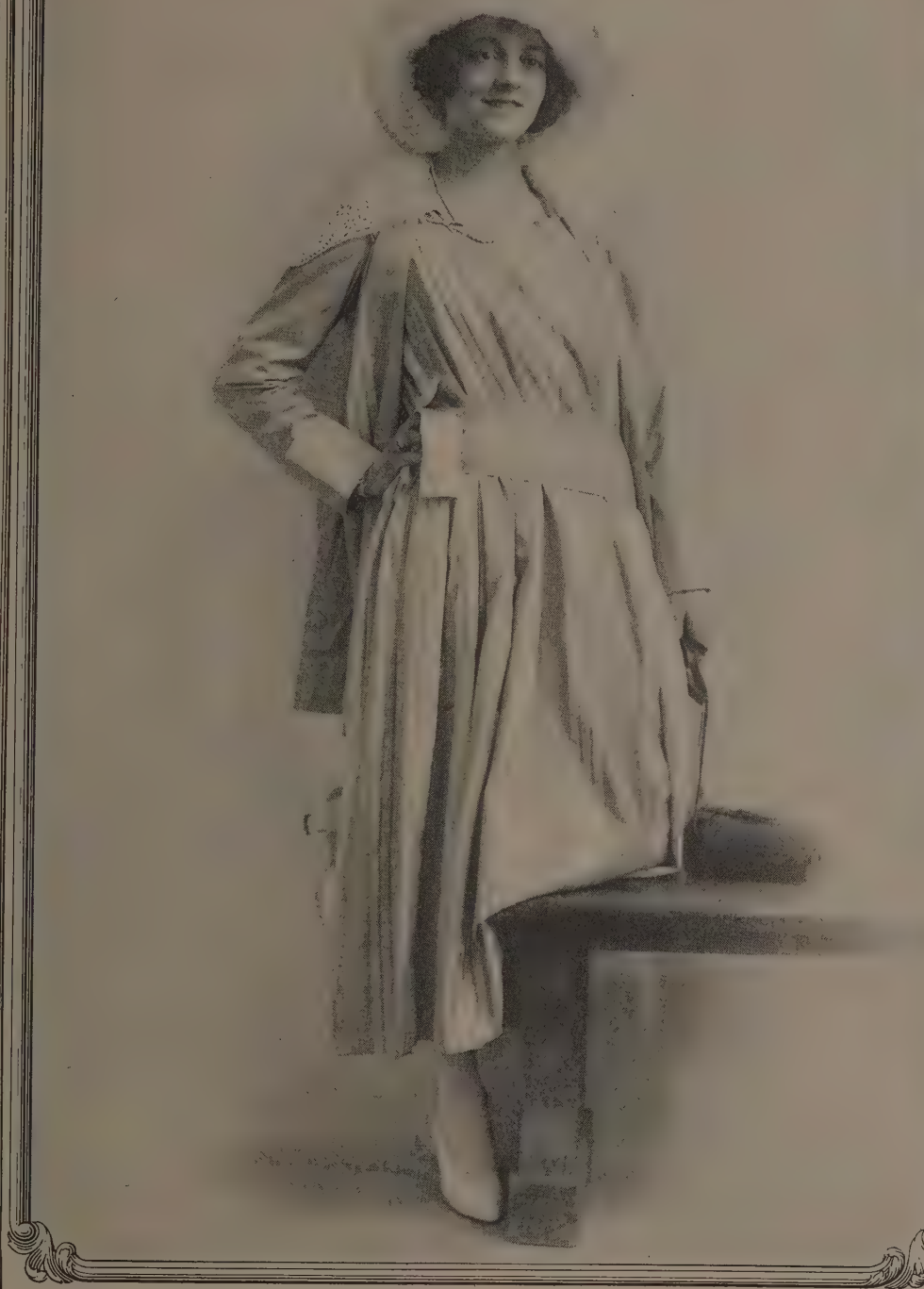
"I do enjoy motoring"

6. One-piece Callot frock of green velvet, seal coat with deep sable band



"What I shall wear to-night is always an important decision"

7. Callot dancing frock of flame-colored net heavily embroidered in gold and Oriental pearl spangles



ELSIE JANIS in SPORT SUIT of YOSAN by HENRI BENDEL

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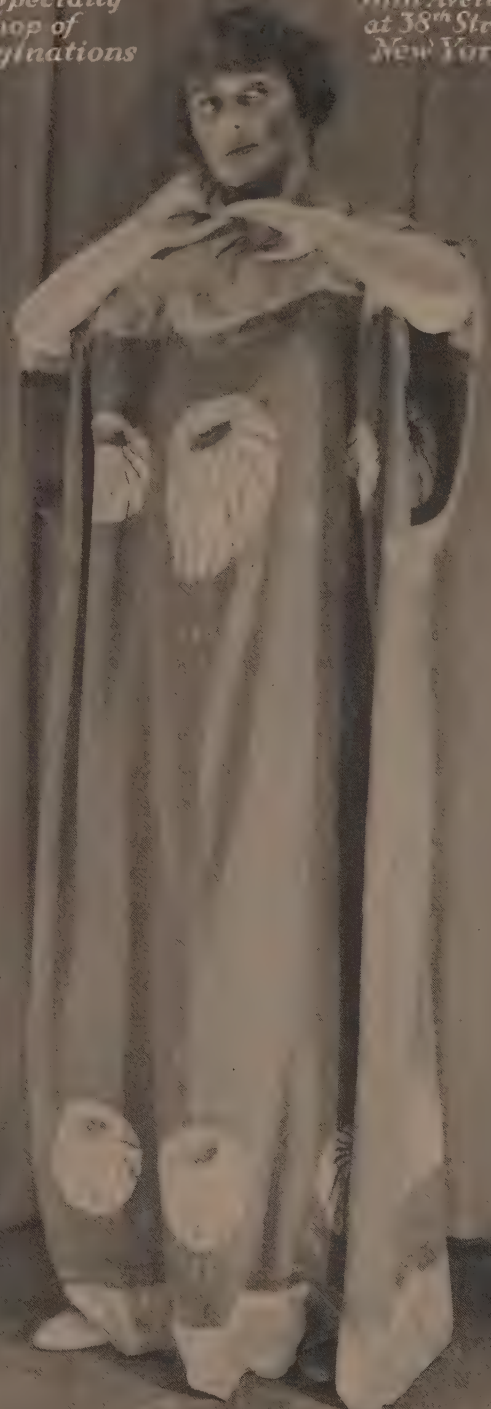
FOOTLIGHT FASHIONS

(Continued from page 170)

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Boudoir Robes created and introduced by Bonwit Teller & Co

—interpretive of Chinese, Korean, Japanese, Italian and Batik influences

the wide, back-turned cuffs and apron.

With each movement of the wearer, the tilting hooped skirt shows glimpses of a facing of rose and black striped silk and the petticoat coyly opens over an underskirt of net, with quillings of narrow ribbon in pastel shades, and wreaths of pink roses.

The shoes are of silver, and so is the cap which ties under the chin with bow and long ends of turquoise and green double-faced ribbon. The same ribbon is used in wee flat bows on the broad collar and in knots with floating ends that trim the cuffs.

The psychology of this frock, so says Miss Bayes, is that the silvery modest gray of the demure Quaker maiden always wins. Hence the triumphant tone of the love letter that goes with the frock.

To Miss Blanche Bates falls the honor of creating more styles in riding attire than any other actress. I accompanied Miss Bates to the foremost of Fashion's military tailors and habit maker, a few days ago, while she mounted the spirited wooden steed upon, which the most dashing cavalry officers and polo players in America are wont to try on their riding togs.

The perfectly fitting habit in which Miss Bates will do her daily dash of twenty miles or so across the Westchester hills this Spring, is of tobacco brown habit cloth of beautiful texture and is cut with riding breeches of the new English type which is rather more "peggy" at the top than earlier models. Buckskin saddle shields match the fabric and the shoes and puttees worn with this habit. The triple collar and double strap cuffs are quite new, and the whole costume is modeled upon the uniform of a Colonel in the Imperial Russian Cavalry worn by her Majesty, the Czarine of Russia, when she reviews her regiment in service uniform.

Two novelties besides the ones mentioned are introduced in the waistcoat which is made of the habit cloth throughout, and may be worn instead of the coat when the going is warm, with the sleeves of the shirt as well as the front and collar showing.

Shirts, by the way, are mostly of striped silk or Madras; Miss Bates choice being brown and white or brown and green Yo-San.

Quite new, too, is the bell-shaped beaver riding hat, of black or colored beaver with buckskin band tightly stretched around the crown. Crops, by the way, as shown at the smartest shops and at Tiffany's are a shade shorter than formerly, so that they can be thrust into the deep pockets, upon dismounting, without toppling about as they used.

Miss Marguerite Leslie is wearing a dress in the last act of "The Harp of Life" which actually lifts the action of the play, and gives a definite reason for the infatuation of the youth who spurns home and dear

mama for the purple temptress, whom Miss Gail Kane dressed so unhappily in brilliant pink.

Miss Leslie has caught a Callot inspiration for the single gown she wears, and has chosen a combination of purple blue and bronze which melts into the scene and into the mood of the act. The full skirt is of night blue tulle with a tunic effect cut in big scallops that are bordered with a quite marvellous embroidery in gleaming bronze beads.

The tunic falls over a full soft petticoat of blue soiree, and the waist is of transparent tulle with a bolero of the soiree bordered with bead embroidery. Long transparent sleeves of the tulle are cut to cling to arm and wrist and a twisted narrow sash of the soiree, is tied loosely at the waist and falls midway to the edge of the skirt and is finished with large tassels of blue and bronze beads. Transparent black silk hose and bronze slippers finish the charming costume.

Mlle. Lillian Greuze of the *Théâtre Français* has worn this season a number of fetching frocks marked by



Photo Ira L. Hill

The demure lace pantallettes are the feature most characteristic of chic and coquetry in this charming costume worn by Mlle. Greuze

great chic and originality. One of her most admired costumes is of soft pink soiree with bands of rich sable at the hem and waist line. The feature which distinguishes this little frock lies in the demure coquetry of the lace pantallettes which are of a length to peep from beneath the hem at each step of the wearer. White lace gathered about the ankle with pink ribbons is used for these pantallettes, which have found a place in the lingerie shelf of many smart women.

Demure frocks of gray or khaki colored crêpe de chine with soft surplice collar effect of transparent white mull or chiffon show bands of embroidery in self-tones or white with touches of Geneva red on the sleeves.

LADY KINLOCH'S LONDON STUDIO

SENDS US PAINTED FURNITURE

IN Paris there is a certain café where before the war—it was said—if one only sat long enough eventually everybody of importance and interest in the world passed by one's table. New York is coming more and more to resemble that café. With this additional merit, that one has but to sit tight in its precincts and shortly not only everybody but *everything* of importance and interest will roll round to its doors. Thus recently we have had Sir Rabindranath Tagor and the son of Tolstoy. Thus recently we have inspected the paintings of Zuloaga and the treasures from the Imperial Palace at Pekin.

One of the latest and most fascinating arrivals is the hand-painted furniture which was the inspired idea of Lady Kinloch of the English aristocracy and which is known as the Lady Kinloch Industry. A word of explanation as to its origin.

HOW IT STARTED

Lady Kinloch herself is an artist of no mean ability with a studio in Chelsea, London, and a keen interest in everything connected with the arts. Some time after the beginning of the war, learning of the distressing plight that many of the English and French artists, both men and women, were in through the loss

of their market she conceived the brilliant scheme of stimulating to popular favor hand-painted furniture and employing the talents of the artists to decorate the different pieces.

She has met with every success in her undertaking. Artists who have exhibited in the Royal Academy have used their technical skill in the designs and colorings and have even

been willing in some cases to append their signatures to their work. A very beautiful bed-room set, for instance, of soft grey decorated with medallions of exquisitely harmonized flowers has every article signed with a name well-known in the artistic world of London. In every case the symbol of an elk's head, the three letters E. L. K., representing the initials of Lady Kinloch's name, is

stamped on each piece and verifies the furniture for this and future generations. As an heirloom nothing could be more delightful to own. In the main Lady Kinloch adheres to the classic type established by the Adam brothers, who were the first to start the vogue for painted furniture in England during the Eighteenth Century; but she also often uses her own imagination in inventing unusual and rich designs.

THE QUEEN AND LORD SHAUGHNESSY ORDER

Lord Shaughnessy was among the early admirers of this art and gave his enthusiasm expression by having a bedroom suite painted to his order, which quickly found its way to Canada. Then the Queen, hearing of the industry from Lord Shaughnessy, paid a visit to Lady Kinloch's Chelsea Studio and ordered copies of a small table and fire-screen and a whole suite of furniture for the room reserved for her Maids of Honor at Windsor Castle. The Queen of Spain gave an order. Lady Cheylesmore, before her marriage an American woman, gave another. There was soon no question of what English society thought of the beauty and merit of this new war industry.

An article in one of the London magazines has this to say of it: "This

(Concluded on page 184)



The settee belonging to the Italian breakfast-room set which was painted by a French artist. The background is a rich grey, the decorations being in browns, to match the brown cane of the seat and blues and crimsons

ESTAB. 1899

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My mission is to have every woman improve her figure with the Gossard Corset designed for her.

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President
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TORONTO

BUENOS AIRES

Corsets Had To Be Changed

¶ Corsets had to be changed—that was all.

¶ This decree, dictated by the march of progress and the mandate of a great governing principle, settled that. These factors in the general scheme of world betterment simply arrived at corsets, and the work began.

¶ These irresistible forces had finished with illumination, the flickering tallow candle giving way to gas light, and it, in turn, to electricity. Who would return to the tallow dip? One could not if he would—the world moves apace.

¶ Light to turn night into day. Electric fans to keep one cool. Water for a fever patient. Ice frozen in the summertime. A message on the air. A thousand other inventions and discoveries more or less important in the process of world betterment, and mostly by living men—all these you once did not have.

¶ Corsets had to be changed—they had to be improved.

¶ Physicians complained of them. Women bought them by size number. A fitting was a thing undreamed. Corset comfort with style, a thing unknown. Health was not considered.

¶ Corsets had to be changed—progress and a great governing principle simply arrived at corsets and the work began.

¶ That was fifteen years ago.

¶ I introduced front lacing—lacing the corset in front—fifteen years ago, and it has been adopted by womankind as a fundamental—front lacing as a fundamental principle necessary for adjustment in front and support for the back—absolute corset essentials entirely ignored before.

¶ One wonders how women managed without the amazing convenience of front lacing. The wonder grows how they did manage with the amazing inconvenience of lacing their corsets as they did.

¶ Would man button his coat in the back, or lace his shoe from behind?

¶ Woman, think; would you do other than lace your corset in front? We have arrived at rationalism in corsetry. Style is our hand maiden. Fashion our servitor. We compel comfort. We contrive figure improvement. We conserve health—all the result of the Gossard method of design, created fifteen years ago, and expressed in Gossard front lacing corsets. A method this, amounting to a principle and observed in Gossard manufacture with a fidelity of strict adherence.

¶ Today, throughout the world—in city and hamlet alike—in Paris, where corsets formerly came from, London, Buenos Aires, Sydney, Melbourne, New York, Chicago, everywhere in America and Canada, women enjoy the fruition of the Gossard principle—of the Gossard method of design.

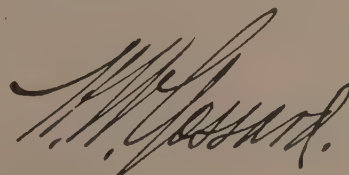
¶ This is my gift to the women of the world—this it has been my great privilege to bestow.

¶ Style, comfort, health and beauty of youthful outline are now yours.

¶ Hitherto, only one figure had been accepted as ideal. I discovered and gave to the world the nine ideal figures, each a type of beauty and all representative of a buoyant, radiant, American womanhood.

¶ I hold that a man may state a fact even though the fact reflects credit upon himself. I simply state the fact.

¶ Corsets had to be changed. Someone had to be the instrument of progress. I was there and waiting with the great governing principle when progress arrived at corsetry. And now, all the world is saying “good-bye” to the old style—saying good-bye as one would bid adieu to a guest who had overstayed. To women everywhere, to every woman; I was determined to improve and beautify your figure—making your life more beautiful—so in the increase of your comfort, in your abounding health, in the joy of your better appearance, and as you revel in your Gossard corset, know that I changed them for you.



MALLINSON'S

Sport Silks de Luxe

THE theatrical world—like the social world—naturally chooses Mallinson's Sport Silks. These wonderful fabrics make it easy to produce those striking and beautiful new styles that charm audiences and set the fashion. Silks so different and so distinctive are a suitable style inspiration.

Sport suits, dresses, coats, hats, parasols and bags made of "Khaki-Kool" have a dash and spirit, beauty and originality irresistibly suggestive of the gayety, life and sunshine of sport. The novel and colorful designs and the sturdy texture of Mallinson's Silks de Luxe appeal to women of distinction.

At fine stores and in fine garments.

The Stamp on the Selvage Marks the Genuine

H. R. MALLINSON & COMPANY
"The New Silks First"

New York

Paris



Costume, Hat and Parasol of
"Khaki-Kool"



Photo Sarony

© Strauss-Peyton

© Toloff

The three actresses on this page, Miss Ina Claire, Miss Carlotta Monterey and Miss Rosina Galli, show interesting examples of the effect obtained by suiting one's jewelry to one's type—the jeune fille, the classic, and the siren respectively. Miss Galli, by the way, is wearing two of the "Siren" rings mentioned in the text

IT'S THE EFFECT, NOT THE PRICE THAT COUNTS

AREN'T they stunning?" said Margot, as she undid the wrappings of some recent purchases. "See this new braid-pin! Don't you 'just love' it? It's so striking—and for such a simple little thing, too! I can wear it under my hat and be all tidy and smart when I take my hat off at the theatre in the evening. I'm going to wear this new bar-pin with it—they're much wider and richer looking this season—and probably this dark sapphire ring in the silver skeleton setting, it's called 'the Siren ring.' When I'm not wearing the braid-pin I shall be demure in a pair of hoop-earrings of brilliants and a brilliant set ring."

"Yes, it's beautiful," responded Ambrosine gazing breathlessly, "but Margot," with wide astonished eyes, "how in the world could you ever afford...."

"I not only could afford," laughed Margot, "but I'm going to have more later on. A piece for every dress and for every occasion."

"Oh, then," said Ambrosine very dubiously, "it's not real. I thought it was."

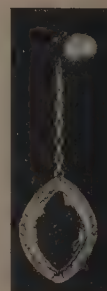
"That depends on what you call real. If you mean that the pearls aren't real pearls and that the diamonds and sapphires are constructed—yes, it isn't real in that sense. But look at the settings, just as beautifully executed, even to the little safety clasps on the bar-pins, as the more expensive jewelry. The stones are all cut by expert mechanics. The settings are done with the same

care as real diamonds. And the designs are always lovely and up-to-date. In fact the Henry W. Fishel & Sons 'jewelry of distinction'—isn't that a splendid name for it?—is identical in character with so-called real jewelry save for the materials. If you don't call all that real of its kind I don't know what you would. You might as well complain that mission furniture wasn't real because it wasn't old mahogany."

"But...but..." protested Ambrosine as a last wavering stand and still trying weakly to cling to the traditions of the old régime in which Grandmamma de Calincourt had brought her up. "But, Margot, it doesn't cost as much."

Which remark was her undoing for Margot looked at her coldly and said: "So that's what you wear jewelry for. Not for ornament, or to enhance the artistic effect of your costume, but simply to look expensive, to show people how much it cost. Ambrosine, I didn't believe it of you!" And Ambrosine, overcome by the arguments of Margot combined with the beauty of the jewelry, laid down her arms precipitately and with the enthusiasm of the latest convert rushed out to invest liberally.

ANNE ARCHBALD.



An earring similar to that worn by Miss Monterey



With your braid-pin wear a pair of these shoe buckles and shine at either end



A braid-pin of brilliants, sparkling and simple and smart!



This ring is a beautiful example of "effect without expense"



Bar-pin of brilliants and a reconstructed stone, to be worn with the ring



Jewelry Reproductions



BROOCH-2641-\$6.50



1215-P-\$10.00



BAR PIN
2429-G-\$11.00



FISHSON PEARL RING
1166/50-\$3.75



JAMETHYST DROP
EARRING-6161
\$5.00 A PAIR



FISHSON PEARL EARRING
10 R. GOLD WIRES-44
\$5.00 A PAIR



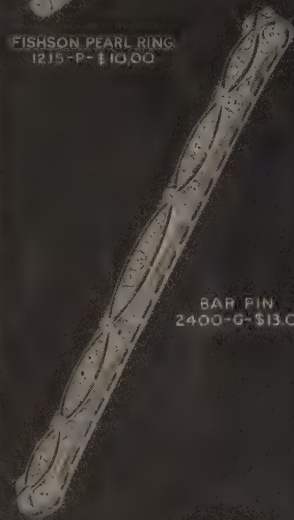
FISHSON PEARL
EARRING-6128R/44
\$6.50 A PAIR



BAR PIN-2253-G-\$9.00



FISHSON PEARL RING
1215-P-\$10.00



BAR PIN
2400-G-\$13.00



FISHSON PEARL RING
1171-\$4.00



SAPPHIRE PENDANT
EARRING-6195
\$8.00 A PAIR



FISHSON PEARL
PENDANT EARRING
6193-\$8.00 A PAIR

BEHIND the footlights the wonderful
brilliance of *Jewelry of Distinction*
creates amazement and delight.

Close examination only increases the
admiration its beauty and refinement
evoke beneath the lamps of home.

Nestling in hair or corsage, in ear, on
hand, these exquisite Reproductions
defy even the experts.

And their lustre lasts because of the ex-
clusive method of setting the beautiful
Fishson crystals in sterling silver mounts.

Look for the Trade Mark on every piece.

If your jeweler cannot supply you, communicate
with us and we will see you are supplied.

Write today for "*Jewelry of Distinction*"

—our new booklet. It will give you a fresh
concept of jewelry fashion.

Henry W. Fishel & Sons
126 West 29th Street New York City
Designers & Makers of

Jewelry of Distinction

Effect—not expense





The Lounge Room of the Hotel Claridge is a popular rendezvous for theatrical and musical celebrities in New York City. The attractive decorations are Chinese in effect. The tea room is under the direction of a Japanese girl who wears her native costume

Trap Shooting

DU PONT

Trapshooting—The Sport Alluring—carries with it a thrill—an exhilaration—such as no other sport affords. It holds a subtle challenge to one's gunskill.

Winging the wily clay pigeon has become quite *de rigueur* in smart country places and has proven a welcome boon to both host and hostess in the entertainment of house parties.

The "Sport Alluring" Booklet on request
E. I. DU PONT DE NEMOURS & CO.
 WILMINGTON DELAWARE





Let me tell you just as one housewife to another

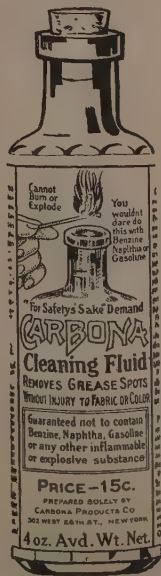
—that the spot or streak of soil on your silk curtain or the chair which is upholstered in light colored silk, satin or other fabric, will come off in a moment with a little—

CARBONA Cleaning Fluid

and a white cloth. And Carbona will not injure the most delicate fabric or color.

Never use dangerous benzine, naphtha or gasoline. You can hold a match over your bottle of Carbona and it **will not explode.**

15c. 25c. 50c. \$1.00 bottles. At all druggists.



A DAY IN THE LIFE OF AN ARTIST

(Continued from page 174)

of this dress is of flame-colored net, rich with orange lights and heavily embroidered in crystal paillettes resembling Oriental pearls. Mixed in an indescribably gleaming (not glittering) effect with the pearly embroidery, is a charmingly delicate design in gold and silver thread.

Golden bands edge the overskirt and the pearl embroidery repeats itself in a fringe-like effect at the lower edge of the bodice which is of flesh-toned satin with a bolero effect in net. The sleeves, which are of novel shape and fall in graceful points from the shoulder, carry out the rich embroidery, which also peeps from under the rich gold lace of the double underdress. A touch only possible to Callot or to a painter of the Spanish school is furnished in the completion of this dress with two rows of immense white flowers, which encircle the skirt just below and slightly above the knee. The Callot sisters have made a contract to send me one new dance dress each week. Already I have fourteen of their creations, each one more original and picturesque than the other, but I believe this one is my pet of pets.

After our dance at the Century, we return to the Biltmore. Now I plunge into a warm bath, and efface any lingering trace of stage make-up—that may have escaped my vigilance at the theatre. A few minutes study of French verbs, and I am ready to dress for my dance in the Biltmore supper room. For this occasion I select a creation which I call my "costume Theatre Magazine." It is a Velasquez effect in indescribable hues of lace combined with an old Spanish brocade in which gold and silver are mingled with flowers of deep ruby with touches of green on a mellow, creamy ground, which probably was once white, but which age has given an exquisite charm. At this point, I am sorry to say, the photographer, who had been on duty for sixteen hours, collapsed, and so I am unable to show you a picture of the Theatre Magazine frock. But it is a lovely thing and quite appropriate to the end of a perfect day. After our supper dance comes the short period of social life which our work allows M. Maurice and me. We have supper generally with a friend or two, and then for a light massage, a half-hour's reading of some good old book—and bon soir mes amis.

THE ACTORS' FUND FAIR

Wanted, 5,000 women to take the field. Not for war but for charity.

This is the battle cry of the women's division of the Actors' Fund Fair, which will at once begin to recruit an army of workers to aid the Bazaar to be held at the Grand Central Palace, May 12th-21st.

Although the women will be militant for charity and not for war, devoting their efforts towards raising money for the Actors' Fund, which is now sadly depleted, the atmosphere of war will not be missing from the Bazaar.

It will be supplied by the Militia of Mercy, the organization of women headed by Mrs. John Hays Hammond, which is mobilizing the women of the United States in the event that war comes and their services be necessary as nurses and in other directions.

Leading actresses, society and club women are included in the membership of the executive committee.

Daniel Frohman, President of the Actors' Fund, and also of the Bazaar, named John Moffat as a member of an advisory committee of ten prominent men who are to co-operate in the operation of the fair.



Gidding

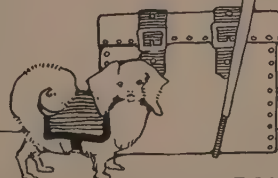
5TH AVE. AT 46TH ST.
PARIS NEW YORK

"THE PARIS SHOP OF AMERICA"

*Every Paris Fashion
worthy of
American Adoption
makes its first
trans-Atlantic
appearance in the
Gidding
Salons*

*The largest and most
comprehensive collection
of Smart Styles in
America*

*Also a Competent
Staff of
Expert Tailors
and Designers
for the development
of Individual
Ideas.*





Why So Few Women Are Gifted With Beauty

It is said that only one woman in fifty has the greatest gift of beauty—a clear, fresh, lovely complexion.

The fault lies in an absurd lack of care and knowledge of the skin and its requirements. The skin is essentially tender and easily effected by the elements, by fatigue and illness.

There is but one method by which these ravages may be prevented or eliminated and the natural, healthy, youthful complexion kept permanently so.

THIS METHOD ONLY MME. RUBINSTEIN HAS MADE POSSIBLE

and Mme. Rubinstein has made the result a scientific fact.

Her treatments have reclaimed skins that have been wrinkled and coarsened and flabby—she has removed crow's-feet, blackheads, freckles, coarse open pores, bringing the complexion to its natural youthful freshness.

If your complexion causes annoyance or if it is clear and lovely and you would keep it so, visit Mme Rubinstein in New York. A consultation may prove of inestimable value.

For your convenience Mme. Rubinstein has listed below a few of her more important preparations for home treatment—obtainable by mail.

VALAZE BEAUTIFYING SKIN FOOD

Restores, stimulates and preserves the skin, wards off wrinkles, looseness and flabbiness. It promotes the renewal of skin-cells, and thus stands for skin-health and youthfulness. VALAZE clears the skin of *tans, freckles* and sallowness, and thus makes the complexion fine and faultless. VALAZE is undeniably the foundation of a good complexion. Price, \$1.00, \$2.00 and \$6.00 a jar.

Valaze Outdoor Balm

Checks the tendency of the face to discolor in cold weather. Prevents pinched and shrivelled appearance, keeping the skin smooth and soft. Unequaled as an anti-wrinkle preparation, also excellent as a foundation for powder. Price, \$1.50, \$3.00 and \$5.00 a jar.

Valaze Blackhead and Open Pore Paste

Refines coarse skin texture, removes greasiness, blackheads, and reduces enlarged pores. Used in place of soap. Price, \$1.00, \$2.00 and \$5.00.

Valaze Roman Jelly

This is a new astringent balm which consolidates and makes firm, loose and flabby tissue. The tightening and smoothing out of the skin about the mouth and eyes and under the chin which it accomplishes is really wonderful. Price, \$1.50 and \$3.00 a bottle.

Valaze Complexion Powder

In five tints: flesh, rose, cream, Rachel and white, for greasy moist skins, also for normal skins.

Novena Poudre, in five tints, for dry skins. Price, \$1.00, \$2.50 and \$4.50 a box.

For Double Chin

Valaze Reducing Jelly (price, \$1.50 and \$3.00) also the **Valaze Reducing Soap** (price, \$1.25 a cake) are the two most effective preparations to remove a double chin as well as superfluous fat, and to restore beauty of line to face and throat.

A copy of Madame Rubinstein's booklet, "Beauty in the Making," will be sent on receipt of 2c stamp to cover postage.

MME. HELENA RUBINSTEIN

15 East 49th Street, N.Y.

PARIS 255 Rue St. Honoré LONDON, W. 24 Grafton Street

If you are a resident in any of the cities mentioned below Mme. Rubinstein refers you to her representatives there for any of her preparations:

Chicago: Mlle. Lola Beekman, 30 Michigan Avenue.
San Francisco: Miss Ida Martin, 177 Post St. and Grant Avenue.
Philadelphia: Mme. Rose Schachman, 2536 West Somerset Street.
New Orleans: Mrs. C. V. Butler, 8017 Zimble Street.

LADY KINLOCK'S LONDON STUDIO

(Continued from page 177)

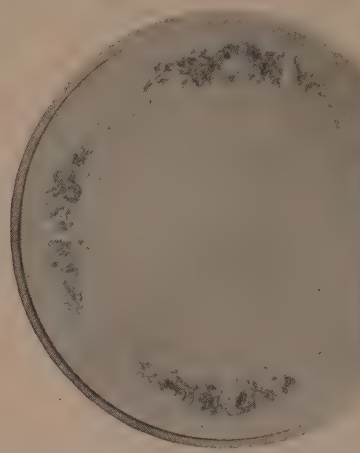
furniture should never depreciate in value: rather, it should gain, since, not so very long after the termination of the war, it will have an historical value from the very circumstances under which it was painted."

In an individual shop of antiques off the Avenue—which deserves a story by itself—are shown the lovely grey bedroom set mentioned above

wood and standing about waist high supported by a wooden piece bearing the regnant elk's head. One is not confined, however to the Louis XVI style in ordering a pair of the fire screens, but can command other periods and other ranks of society. French peasants are considered extremely effective.

Though these pieces of furniture I have mentioned are just the first installment that have arrived from England to be shown here there are numerous photographs and half-tones of other pieces from which you can order, suggesting your own color scheme. One of the most alluring photographs is a four-panelled "screen of the seasons," which is described as being covered with brilliant flowers, a panel each of anemones, of roses, of hollyhocks, and of chrysanthemums.

There are many different styles of chairs, small side tables, mirrors, chests. And I imagine that almost any set or individual pieces of furniture one wishes for, to



Artists who have exhibited in the Royal Academy are devoting their imagination and technical skill to the decorating of the Lady Kinlock furniture. The top of this hand-painted table shows how exquisitely the work is done

and an Italian breakfast-room set, comprising eight chairs, three tables, one mirror and a long settee. The main color is a rich grey, contrasted with browns and blues and reds in the decorations, the seats of the chairs and settee being of brown cane. The rungs of the chair backs are dark blue with a small deep red flower on each and the top rung carries in a medallion the most exquisitely painted bird, each chair having a different kind. The owner of the antique shop imbued with the true Robert Adam spirit of feeling for a whole harmonizing scheme of effect has laid out on one of the small tables a marvellous set of Spode which carries on the color imagery of the French painter who executed the Italian breakfast-room set. With the proper background of wall-paper and hangings what an inspiring room to begin the day with, she suggests, such a combination would make!

A PAIR OF PAINTED FIRE SCREENS

Besides the bedroom and breakfast-room sets there was an adorable pair of painted wooden fire screens, new to my experience—we've nothing quite like them over here—though, I understand, they are much used in England. They consist of two figures, a gallant in the costume of the Louis XVI period with appropriate fal de lals, and his lady in panniered skirt of vivid rose and powdered coiffure, cut out of the

carry out a particular scheme of furnishing, could be made and decorated to order, bearing in mind, naturally, that one was dealing with the creative imagination of a real artist and giving him his needful latitude.

The vogue for painted furniture has grown exceedingly during the past year or two. There is no question of the charm and color that it



A gracefully designed hand-painted chair known as the "Gilmerton chair" because of its use in Lady Kinlock's place at Gilmerton, Scotland. Copies of this chair may, of course, be ordered

gives a room; so that even the staunchest adherents to mahogany and old oak, are beginning to weaken and to admit that there may, possibly, be something in it after all. Lady Kinlock's painted furniture will surely complete their conversion.



Evans's Depilatory

(with convenient outfit for applying)

contributes greatly to the freedom and enjoyment of the evening gown of the present mode and the transparent daytime costume.

It is a soft powder which, *used occasionally*, keeps the underarm and other parts of the skin entirely free from superfluous hair. There is no safe way of removing hair *permanently*.

50 cents for complete outfit. Money back if you want it. At drug or department stores or send us 50 cents and dealer's name.

George B. Evans

1103 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Makers of "Mum"

Beauty Demands That You Reduce Your Double Chin

THE Davis Chin Supporter, worn during sleep, in the privacy of your own room, will do this for you in one month. It strengthens the loose and flabby chin muscles and restores them to their natural position.

Prevents Mouth Breathing

The supporter keeps the mouth tightly closed. With it, mouth breathing and snoring are impossible.

A light, durable, washable appliance. Comes in large, medium, small and children's sizes. Silk, \$4.00; Mesh, \$3.00; Linen, \$2.50; Cotton, \$1.50.

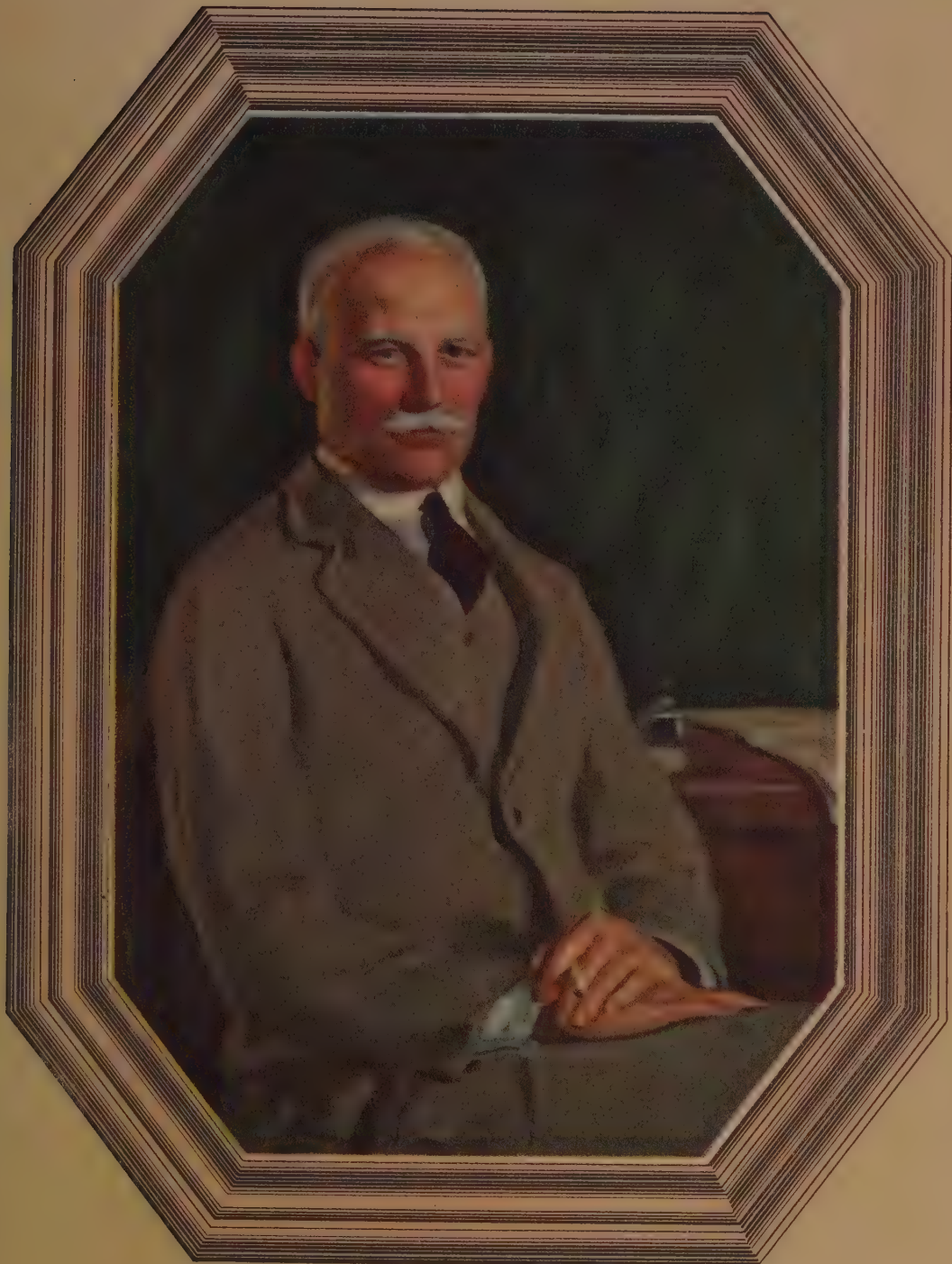
Write for our interesting leaflet, "Health and Facial Beauty." It will be mailed you without charge.

CORA M. DAVIS

30 East 42d Street Dept. F2
New York City

DEALERS

Drug Stores, Beauty Parlors, Specialty Stores will find the Davis Chin Supporter a profitable seller. Write for wholesale prices.



PAINTED FOR LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.

THE MAN whose work depends on clear thinking knows the common sense of choosing a smoke that does not disturb.

That is doubtless why so many sound, substantial men are electing Fatimas for their steady smoke. Because Fatimas are comfortable—comfortable *while* you're

smoking them and, even more important, *afterwards*, too, even though you may smoke more often than usual.

Your first package of Fatimas will show you how sensible it is to decide on a comfortable cigarette.

Liggett & Myers Tobacco

FATIMA

A Sensible Cigarette



SCRIBNER'S

STORIES FIRST IN QUALITY

FOR the third consecutive year, Scribner's Magazine ranks first in the percentage of stories of distinction in the selection of "The Best Short Stories of 1916," by Edward J. O'Brien, in the *Boston Transcript*. Mr. O'Brien read and considered 2,700 stories in seventy periodicals.

Nine Scribner's stories were singled out for their qualities of permanent literary value. Eighteen others "possessed high distinction," and seventeen more were chosen for special mention.

The first ten magazines in the order of ranking are:

- | | |
|------------------------|--------------------------|
| 1. Scribner's Magazine | 6. Everybody's Magazine |
| 2. Century | 7. Metropolitan Magazine |
| 3. Harper's Magazine | 8. American Magazine |
| 4. Bellman | 9. Pictorial Review |
| 5. Masses | 10. Collier's Weekly |

Can you afford to be without a magazine which has earned so dominant a place in 100,000 of dominant American homes?

Scribner's for March

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS

Publishers, Importers, Booksellers

Fifth Avenue at 48th Street, New York

Established 1846

The Box-Office Critic

IS THE Box Office really the final judge of the success of a play or should we put our trust in the "Hoot-Owl" school of critics who decry a prosperous ticket-rack? James L. Ford asks this question—and answers it—in "Commercialism in the Theatre," in the March Scribner's. He advances a novel theory and quotes Sir Henry Irving, A. M. Palmer, and Charles Frohman to prove it.

It is an issue with many interests, with five excellent pieces of short fiction including a Happy Valley story by John Fox, Jr., author of "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine"; the Francis Lynde novel, "Stranded in Arcady"; a timely suggestion for "Government Prevention of Railroad Strikes," by Samuel O. Dunn; an important critical paper on "Standards," by W. C. Brownell, and many other worthwhile features.

Your check for \$1 will bring you the next four numbers.

LABLACHE

FACE POWDER

DANGEROUS COUNTERFEITS

Are on the Market
LADIES BEWARE!

Buy LABLACHE FACE POWDER of reliable dealers. Be sure and get the genuine. Women who know frankly say—"I have tried other face powders, but I use Lablache."

The Standard for over forty years. Flesh, White, Pink, Cream. 50c. a box, of Druggists or by mail. Over two million boxes sold annually. Send 10c. for sample box.

BEN. LEVY CO., French Perfumers,
Dept. 58, 135 Kingston St., Boston, Mass.

LUDEX'S Stop Rainy Day Sneezes

Feet wet—clothing damp? Take Luden's to prevent after effects.

Give Quick Relief.

In the Yellow Box **5c**


W. M. H. LUDEN
Mfg. Confectioner
Reading, Pa.

LUDEX'S

MENTHOL CANDY

COUGH DROPS

His Old Skill Returns



THE Keeley Treatment

For Liquor and Drug Using

NOT only does the scientific Keeley Treatment remove the desire for liquor or drugs, but it restores mental faculties that win success. 400,000 effective cases in 36 years. Those who have taken the Keeley Treatment find there is no confinement, no nausea. Skilled physicians, good care, pleasant surroundings. Both sexes.

Write for confidential information to any of the following Keeley Institutes


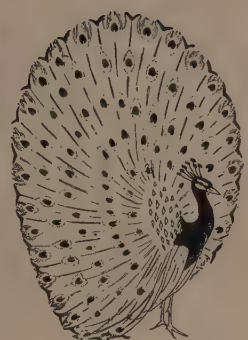
Buffalo, N. Y., 799 Niagara St. Columbus, Ohio Cora Gehrard, Ky. Dwight, Ill. Grand Rapids, Mich. 135 Ottawa Ave. N. W. Hot Springs, Ark. Kansas City, Mo. 3084 Euclid Ave. Los Angeles, Cal. 2400 W. Pico St. Lexington, Mass. Mation, Ind.	Philadelphia, Pa. 1424 Girard Ave. Pittsburgh, Pa. 4246 Fifth Ave. Plainfield, Ind. Portland, Me. Salt Lake City, Utah San Francisco, Cal. 2420 Webster St. St. Louis, Mo. 2803 Locust St. Waukesha, Wis. West Haven, Conn. London, England
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Why Not a Trip to Atlantic City?

You will enjoy the invigorating breezes of the ocean at this time of the year. Stop with us at the St. Charles, where you will find everything conducive to a pleasant sojourn.

HOTEL ST. CHARLES

Directly on the Boardwalk—Orchestra of Soloists—Open All Year Around—Noted for Cuisine—Excellent Service—Automobiles Meet All Trains



FEATHERS FROM PEACOCK ALLEY

MISS ETHEL BARRYMORE went into Giddings a short time ago and plunged heavily in evening gowns which she carried South with her to use in her new moving picture. A sea-green and silver metallic cloth made on very simple but lovely lines; a red and silver brocade; a white Callot model, draped, with a train; and a white crêpe météor also with a train were some of the gowns. I know that it will be most interesting to watch for their appearance on the screen, Miss Barrymore and Gidding frocks making an irresistible combination.



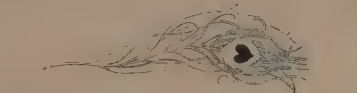
Seen recently during dinner hour at Voisin's, society's latest toy in the way of restaurants, where the seats that run round the wall give you a delightfully uninterrupted view of the clothes on parade, was a tall slender blonde in a true moyen âge frock of geranium colored brocade velvet girdled low with a chain of silver links and pale amethyst stones. Again at the Plaza at luncheon a navy blue serge was brightened by a two-inch girdle of bead-work backed by a black satin ribbon, crossing over once in front and falling to the hem of the skirt. Within the last week these novelty girdles both in flat and cable bead-work and in different metallic compositions set with stones, have made their appearance on the jewelry counter of a large shop, which means, I take it, that they will soon be in high favor.



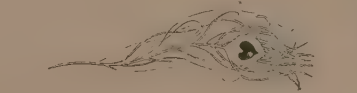
On the dress of Miss Alice Lindahl in her recent part in "Come Out of the Kitchen" a sash with an enormous butterfly bow perched at one side of the gown in back—two wings going up and two down—offered piquant suggestion. The gown on which it had alighted was of deep yellow embroidered net over yellow chiffon and the sash was of parti-colored metallic ribbon, one stripe of it bronze, the other stripe of flowered

silver and white. As Miss Lindahl moved about the stage the color and dash of the thing caught the light and the eye like the flip of a gold-fish's tail.


Sleeves are returning to their former sphere of importance in the make-up of a bodice. Many of the well-known society women seen in the boxes at the opera have adopted the wearing of them. This means the resuscitation of the shield, which women have been trying to limp along without, but which they are finding, according to the combined testimony I hear, that they must use after all. To meet the new demand a certain firm have just put on the market shields to be know as the sport shield. They are covered with silk in all the soft shades to match the colors in which sport clothes come.



Smart women going South have been taking with them velvet jackets to wear with their light sport skirts of serge and gabardine and we shall doubtless have this fashion combination with us at the end of the Spring. Black velvet jackets, cut double or single breasted as best suits the figure are particularly telling worn with white serge skirts and sheer frilly white blouses. Another good combination seen on its way to the tissue wrappings was a dark blue velvet jacket, double-breasted and buttoned with large white pearl buttons, to be worn topping a white gabardine skirt checked in fine dark blue lines.



Miss Elizabeth Risdon, the English actress, who is over here appearing at the Little Theatre in Granville Barker's play "The Morris Dance" is enchanted, like all the rest of us, with the negligée department of Bonwit Teller's. She purchased from it a negligée flowing with two layers of flame-colored chiffon, threaded below the waist with a broad silver ribbon run through picotéd eyelet-holes and sewn round the neck and sleeves with amber beads.



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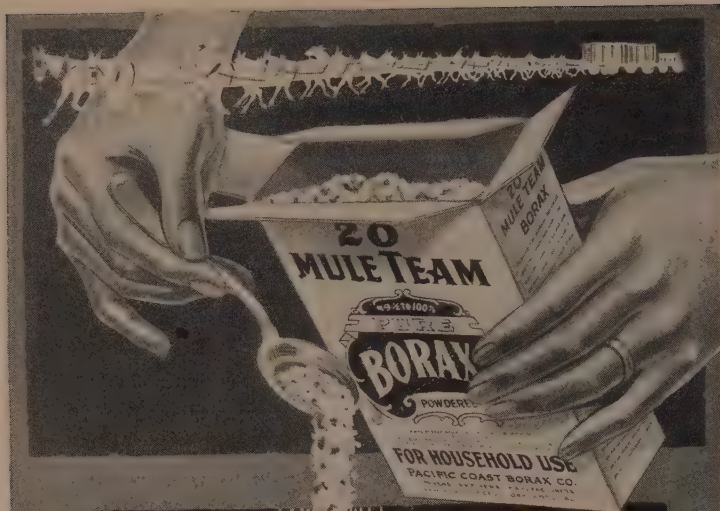
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HOW NOT TO GET YOUR PLAY PRODUCED

(Continued from page 154)

conference made up of the mayor, the member of Congress, the chairman of the school board, and the president of the Federation of Women's Clubs, reading the play to them, and demanding their opinions as to whether "The Shoe Drummer's Revenge" was adapted to refined audiences or not.

Miss Von Spinkdoodle said she thought she could "place" the drama "very shortly." She couldn't, however—not in seventeen months. Squibbins thought that was long enough and sadly wrote for the return of his script. Miss Von Spinkdoodle carefully mopped up the floor of her office with it (I have viewed the remains) and sent it blithely back.

Yet another New York producer was given a chance at "The Shoe Drummer's Revenge." He kept it only eleven weeks. Then Squibbins wrote twice for its return. It came back to him "unread."

A second play broker then took the piece. She carefully stored it away for five months. When Squibbins had written his sixth request for its return, he got it back.

It was aged and frail. A younger generation—and yet another—had arisen and displaced it. Superfluous lagged the veteran—alas, not on the stage, but at the stage door. Squibbins laid it away with loving care, alongside its equally ill-fated twin brother, "His Everyday Wife." R. I. P.

After the funeral Squibbins, although his specialty was English literature, indulged in a little mathematical calculation. It was a sum in simple addition—of the time his MSS. had spent in the offices of producers and agents. It totalled three years, two months, two weeks, and four days. He was "a very capable and promising dramatist"; his plays were "very bright"; one of them was "very interesting and full of action," and "would have a chance and a very good one at that." But it didn't; and neither, reluctantly decided Squibbins, did its author in the theatrical game. So at the expense of the American stage—and perhaps of American childhood—he is still wielding the ferule, a sadder but a wiser man.



A MAMMOTH HOTEL

New York already has the largest hotels in the world, but it is soon to erect one twice as great as any in existence. This is to be the Commonwealth, occupying an entire block-front in the Times Square district—in the very heart of the theatre and shopping sections, to contain 2,500 rooms, and cost \$15,000,000.

The Commonwealth marks a new era in hotel history, in that it merges hotel and club, with all the advantages and privileges of both, at a cost less than either would ordinarily entail. Buying a share of \$100 in the largest hotel in the world, pays the shareholder's initiation fee and his dues, once for all, in the greatest of all clubs. He may enjoy all the privileges of a luxurious club life, such as indoor golf, tennis, squash, handball, gymnasium, swimming-pool, billiards, reading and smoking rooms. In fact, he becomes a full, equal member in the greatest co-operative enterprise in the world—and when he is living at the Commonwealth he is really putting up at his own hotel, living at his own club.

In the moderately priced dining rooms, excellent meals may be had either table d'hôte or à la carte. The café de luxe will offer delicacies prepared for the epicure. The dinners and after-suppers will be flavored with an atmosphere of gaiety and elegance.

STAGE PARTNERSHIPS

(Continued from page 164)

playwriting partnership has resulted in a number of successes including "The Great Lover," "Years of Discretion," and "Upstairs and Down."

Another sort of partnership is that of Miss Grace George and her husband, the astute and successful manager, William A. Brady. What Miss George owes to her partner, is not to be estimated, and what the drama owes to Mr. Brady, also for developing and training a star, is also a matter difficult to overrate. Miss Billie Burke was an established and brilliant star before her recent marriage to Florenz Ziegfeld, Jr., but under the terms of her partnership contract with her husband, he is now to direct her dramatic destinies, and we may confidently look to a greater glory in Miss Burke's artistic alliance with the co-parent of little Miss Florenze Patricia Gloria Burke Ziegfeld. Rupert Hughes, novelist and playwright, has profited largely in art and income through the aid of his matrimonial and literary partner, Adelaide Manola Hughes, who was Marion Manola's daughter and a capital little actress before she retired from the stage under a life contract with the author of "Excuse Me," and other comedies.

Over my shoulder a voice begs that I will not forget William Gillette. Mr. Gillette having no wife to be his co-partner, has joined hands with his nearest feminine relative, Clara Kummer, and is at this moment appearing in the new play, "A Successful Calamity," by his cousin.

Of course, any list of stage partnerships would be incomplete without mention of Charles Rann Kennedy and Edith Wynne Matthison, partners in art and heart since the days of their association with the Ben Greet Players. Their names are indissolubly associated with that fine morality play, "The Servant in the House," and the partnership has justified itself in other plays from Mr. Kennedy's pen in which Miss Matthison has appeared with high distinction.



VICTOR RECORDS

Caruso has an effective song in the "Chanson de Juin" by Godard, which he offers for March. In reviving this song he at once does justice to a gifted composer and provides himself with a charming medium for his own liquid cantilena. Mabel Garrison sings "Dixie," and the Orpheus Quartet which accompanies her vivacious interpretation adds greatly to the general effect. Geraldine Farrar, by her interpretation "Murmuring Zephyrs" will again delight her many admirers, and the gentle rippling accompaniment of the piano is in effective contrast to the clear limpid tones of Miss Farrar's voice. Not only is the music of "My Heart Ever Faithful" melodious, but it breathes a spirit of gratitude and thankfulness to the Almighty, of the most inspiring kind. Louise Homer is thoroughly in sympathy with the joyous character of the air, and uses every refinement of the singer's art to make her interpretation also noteworthy from a purely technical point of view.

Evan Williams offers "Chiming Bells of Long Ago," a quiet memory song, tuneful in style and simple in sentiment. Without forgetting Mr. Witherspoon's splendid records in the past, it is perhaps not too much to say that his interpretation of "Three Fishers" will be regarded by many as one of his very best. The quality of tone is superb, the diction such that every word stands out clearly, and the depth of feeling allied to reserved simplicity, precisely the mood for the song.

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IS THE STAGE IMMORAL?

(Continued from page 140)

agers and authors may be clearly understood, I wish to repeat the latter sentence: "The indecent suggestion is deliberately introduced into plays that of themselves give no reason for such introduction."

The above, Father Burke, is false. I do not beat about the bush nor try to cover my meaning with euphemistic phrases; I tell you, calmly and coldly, that what you write is false. You say, "Indecency is extending" and "indecent suggestion is deliberately introduced" therefore you are in no sense discussing plays of the past and you are in every sense discussing plays of the present. I now charge you with bearing false witness against your neighbor and I call on you either to give the names of the plays, so that we may also learn the names of their authors and managers, into which such indecent suggestion is deliberately introduced, or to withdraw the charge and admit that you cannot substantiate it. I challenge you to name these plays, Father Burke. I defy you to name them.

You are a man high in the Councils of your Church, Father Burke. You are a leading executive in the Catholic Theatre Movement and as such you are a force either for the good of the stage or for the detriment of the stage. I honestly believe that you are sincerely striving for its good but I as honestly believe that in writing such an article as the one from which I quote you are using your great influence to its positive harm. I love the theatre and I live by the theatre and I cannot see it attacked by a man in your position without coming to its defence when called upon. It is for this reason that I repeat my challenge:

I charge you with making false and misleading statements about the stage and with slandering the theatre and the men responsible for it, and I call on you to prove your charges or to withdraw them as publicly as you have made them.

I have been in this position before. It is no new thing for me to defend the stage of to-day against a befrocked defamer. I have before issued challenges such as the above but no reply has ever been forthcoming. When the reverend gentleman had recovered from the shock caused by my refusing to accept his mere assertion as fact; when he had overcome the surprise resulting from my daring to call on him to prove what he had proclaimed, when he had regained his equilibrium, after finding that I had had the temerity to interfere with the clergy's favorite and time-honored indoor sport, he either ignored the matter entirely or said that I had misunderstood words which were impossible of misunderstanding.

Let us hope that such will not be the case with you, Father Burke. Let us hope you will either prove what you have charged or that you will have the courage to admit that you are wrong and the honesty to withdraw your accusations.

STUDENTS ON BROADWAY

The second performance of the season by the American Academy of Dramatic Arts, at George M. Cohan's Theatre, gave evidence of the efficiency of Mr. Sargent's school.

The class seems to be an unusual one, and we no doubt witnessed the beginnings of more than one pupil who will become famous actresses. The men were promising, but they were excelled by the women.

"The Fifth Commandment," by Stanley Houghton, and "Green Stockings," by A. E. W. Mason, were given.

EARLY DRAMATISTS

(Continued from page 142)

her first appearance on the stage in June, 1845, as Pauline in "The Lady of Lyons." In 1847, she appeared in a new play of hers entitled "Armand," and during that year, went to England where, as I have said, she was ably supported by that estimable actor, E. L. Davenport. Together, in 1846, they had played Romeo and Juliet, Benedick and Beatrice, Fazio and Bianca, touring the South and acting as far as Mobile, Ala. It was during their European expedition that Mrs. Mowatt's acting came under the observation of Macready, and one may obtain from his diaries and reminiscences comments on her work.

This, therefore, is the initial stage history of "Fashion," a play which, as Mrs. Mowatt and Poe both say, is not marked by any literary quality, but which certainly has reflected in its pages the quaint manners of the period of the forties. The first act has recently been revived by the New York Branch of the Drama League of America, and was quite the most successful part of a long program—successful because the actors tried to reproduce the artificial stage manners of the times.

SOME FAMOUS FALSTAFFS

(Continued from page 146)

preceding characterizations, and left its mark upon all following ones.

Hackett's Falstaff was the father of Peer Gynt and of Till Eulenspiegel, and other classic vagabonds, and he made live the spirit of mirth in which Shakespeare created the old fellow. Sir Herbert Tree's emphasis upon the rollicking frolic at the close of "The Merry Wives of Windsor" shows the influence of Hackett, who brought Shakespeare back into the play.

Other Falstaffs whose impersonations on the American stage are still within the memory of the oldest inhabitant are those of C. W. Coudock (I am not attempting a chronological list), W. E. Burton, J. H. McVickar (father-in-law of Edwin Booth), C. B. Bishop, "Barney" Macaulay, Louis James and John Jack. Nor must Charles Fisher be omitted, nor "Jimmy" Lewis, W. F. Owen nor others who came before the great Falstaff of Mr. Hackett.

Within memory of younger playgoers, William H. Crane is to be credited with a most sumptuous revival of "The Merry Wives"—a production which brought him much classic appreciation, but little financial reward, De Wolf Hopper, and, of course, the immediate Falstaff of the moment our own Tom Wise, who was selected for the part by James K. Hackett when accident forbade that actor to take up his father's mantle and contribute another American Falstaff to the Shakespearean celebration. However Mr. Hackett was able to suggest many touches to the characterization by Mr. Wise, and that actor's fine work far outran in fidelity and picturesqueness even the capital Falstaff of Sir Herbert Tree.

The fat knight has been made the subject of lyric drama as well as of the spoken play, and the fame of Victor Maurel rests securely upon his performance of Falstaff in opera. Antonio Scotti has also contributed a brilliant and interesting Falstaff to the classic traditions of the Metropolitan Opera House. An Italian of the Italians, Mr. Scotti's Falstaff is oddly enough more Shakespearean than many of the characterizations of the swaggering knight seen upon the English speaking stage. Even the sternly fixed limitations of a musical score with its rigidities and rhythms fail to confine the rippling gaiety that runs through Scotti's Falstaff—a performance worthy more frequent repetitions.

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THE PUBLISHERS

DAVID GARRICK—1717-1917

(Continued from page 158)

that probably every manager in the history of the drama has had to bear; it is unlikely that Garrick was much worse or better than other managers of his own time or since. Garrick's generosity to fellow-actors is evident in the fact that he invited some of the best-known of them to act with him at Drury Lane, and by no means insisted on the single-star system in his own favor.

As a manager, Garrick introduced some important reforms. He was the first to abolish the old custom of permitting spectators to sit on the stage itself. He likewise abolished the vexatious practice whereby anyone who did not remain beyond the end of the act in progress when he entered paid no admission, or had his money returned. On the reopening of the Drury Lane Theatre on September 14, 1765, Garrick introduced the system of lighting the stage by means of lights not visible to the audience. As manager, he always strove to install improvements that would make for the "neatness, decorum, and regularity" of the theatre.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

DEGRADING PLAYS

February 5, 1917.

To the Editor of THE THEATRE,

Sir.—Your number of February, 1917, came into my hands and after reading the admirable article entitled "The Stage and Public Morals," by the Rev. John J. Burke, C. S. P., I am prompted to say that the views therein expressed by a Catholic priest are fully shared by a Protestant layman.

As a theatre-goer recreated and at times both mentally and morally stimulated by plays, I affirm without hesitation that the public like decent plays and loath vulgar ones.

With unspeakable disgust many a man has found that he has wasted, and worse than wasted, time and money on a debasing play without merit, conceived by an impure mind. In the light of the comments which a theatre-goer so frequently hears to the right and left of him in theatres, it seems surprisingly strange that unworthy plays should be so often produced.

THOS. C. T. CRAIN.

Justice, Court of General Sessions.
New York City.

MME. GALLI-CURCI'S ENGAGEMENT

February 6, 1917.

To the Editor of THE THEATRE.

Sir.—I read with a great deal of surprise in your last issue a statement regarding Mme. Galli-Curci. It said that her engagement was effected through the instrumentality of Mme. Rosa Raisa, which statement is incorrect.

Mme. Galli-Curci did some work with me in Italy and also here in America, and it was through me that she was engaged for the Chicago-Philadelphia Opera Company, the director of which had explicit faith in her unusual talent.

Yours very truly,

WILLIAM THORNER.

A WORD OF THANKS

Boston, Mass., Feb. 5, 1917.

To the Publishers of THE THEATRE.

Gentlemen.—May I thank you for the cover which came out so well. The honor of winning such a prominent place in THE THEATRE MAGAZINE is a "dream come true" to yours,
With best wishes,

MADGE KENNEDY BOLSTER.

FAVORITES IN NEW ACTS

(Continued from page 166)

member of the Keith family of theatres, includes three special songs, two sets in the new art manner, several of Miss Nesbitt's most fascinating gowns, and a novelty dance showing Mr. Clifford's ingenuity in the matter of new steps.

Theodore Kosloff is the first of the Russian dancers to introduce the spirit of the Russian ballet into vaudeville. Others from the Imperial Russian school have made their way into Variety. But Kosloff only has surrounded himself with an adequate company. The color, the fire, the grace, the novelty—everything but the size of the Diaghlieff ballet may be found in the Kosloff offering. Vlasta Maslova heads his company and makes poetry of the "Adagio Romantique" and the "Ecstasia d'Amour" which she dances with Kosloff. Vera Fredova presents three artistic and quaint numbers. Natasha Rombova dances the familiar Pizzicato.

From the legitimate stage came Miss Emily Ann Wellman, recently the feature in "The Guilty Man" and before that leading lady with Mr. Louis Mann in "The Man Who Stood Still" and "Elevating a Husband." Another one of those hackneyed husband-and-wife dramas serves to introduce Miss Wellman to vaudeville. "Young Mrs. Stanford" is the title; Edward Elsner, the author; and the leading rôle that of a loyal wife who refuses to brand her husband with his own disloyalty. A use of the spot light from the wings added to the theatrical effect of the playlet. Miss Wellman played the staunch little wife with charm.

COLUMBIA RECORDS

Close on the heels of the most active month of the 1916-17 operatic season, the Columbia Graphophone Company has announced an operatic program for March that promises some real thrills.

Hipolito Lazaro is to be heard in a recording of an aria from Gounod's immortal "Faust," "Salve! dimora caste e pura."

There are also listed two selections by the great operatic baritone, Campanari, "The Toreador Song" from "Carmen" and "Largo al Factotum," from the "Barber of Seville"; two recordings by the celebrated American prima donna, Helen Stanley, who recently won new laurels in the rôle of "Micaela" to Farrar's "Carmen"—"Micaela's Air" and "In Quali Eccessi O Numi" from Don Giovanni, and an operatic duet, "In the Depths of the Temple," from "The Pearl Fishers," the opening opera of the Metropolitan's 1916-17 season, by Graham Marr and James Harrod.

The instrumental numbers listed range from the classic beauty of Beethoven's "Minuet in G," played by the peerless Piarow, the world's greatest woman violinist, and a cello solo of Schumann's dream-melody, "Traumerei," by Paul Kefer, through a number of descriptive selections by the Columbia Symphony Orchestra, to the Taylor Trio in a rendition of the old English love-toast, "Drink to Me Only With Thine Eyes." There are also Hawaiian medleys, banjo-vocal jollifications and an old-time fiddle barn dance.



"A Small Town Girl," a comedy, by Eugene Walter, who rarely writes comedy, and Cronin Wilson, has been put into rehearsal by A. H. Woods. The company will include Charlotte Walker, John Milner, Edward Abeles, George Leguere, Mrs. Stuart Robson, Gladys Alexandra and Regina Richards. The piece will open in Baltimore on March 12th.

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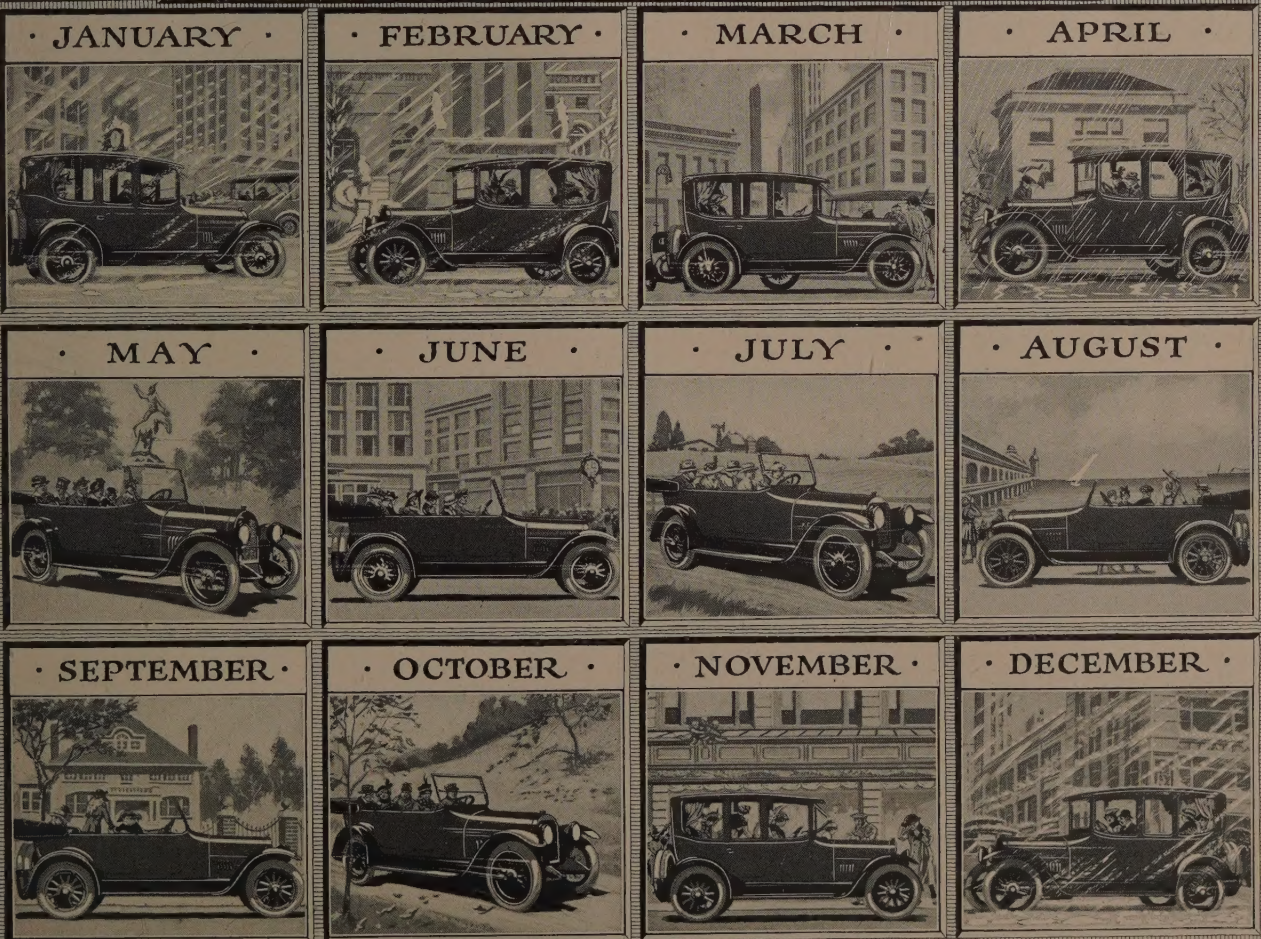
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MR. HORNBLLOW GOES TO THE PLAY

(Continued from page 152)

It might be better for the full value of the psychological clash between the narrowing influence of Puritanism and the sweep and freedom of the West is not entirely developed, and at times it is really too well written. Spontaneity is oppressed by literary precision. Its opening act is fine exposition of story and character, the second falters at times and the third is only intermittently convincing. But it was a great loss to the stage when Wm. Vaughan Moody died so prematurely. His was a talent to be reckoned with.

It is an able rendition, suggestive and practical which Henry Miller gives of the Arizona Roman whose Sabine wife came from New England. In the latter rôle Gladys Hanson plays the opening act in just the right spirit. Later I thought her just a bit theatrical. Mrs. Whiffen as the mother is her sweet dear self. Chas. Gotthold Byron Beasley and Alice Lindahl fit well into Mr. Moody's picture. The stage settings are really beautiful.

FULTON. "If." Play in four acts by Mark Swan. Produced on February 7th with this cast:

Benjamin F. Wright	Forrest Robinson
Helen Wright	Sydney Shields
Toko	George Probert
Preston Sharpe	Ben Johnson
Bobby Wright	Reggie Sheffield
Bradley Polk	Charles Mackay
Betty Polk	Floy Murray
Walter Brand	Bert Lytell
Marcia Craven	Ruth Benson
Avery Craven	Taylor Graves
An Aide de Camp	Edward Colebrook
A Lieutenant	Walter Carter
An Orderly	Arthur M. Loewy
A Soldier	Peter Craig
A Famous Character in American History	Arthur Hyman

It is so easy to go wrong with a dream play! Any manager who would reject all dream plays on an arbitrary decision that they are artificial and inartistic would be without that intelligent discrimination and knowledge of his business which often makes fortunes for the wise manager.

The "trouble" with Mr. Swan's play, "If," is that there is no foundation for an imagined or dreamed up invasion of this country by the Japanese. At this moment there is more likelihood of our becoming closer friends with our little brown brother. The play therefore lacks verity and fact. The very minute the little oily Japanese butler dons his uniform the story loses its grip and the action becomes unreal.

There is nothing in it, unreal in spite of the tragic killing of every white man worth his salt and one youth who was not, but who went to death playing a mouth-organ.

The craftsmanship of the play is good. There are thrills in it. It is worth seeing to enjoy the playing of it—and to refresh oneself on the gunpowder which used to so delight Major General Boum, "piff-paff-poum." There could be no better make-believe than the butler acted by George Probert. The American head of the house, in California, dreams; Toko, the butler, instantly becomes the Generalissimo of the Japanese army of invasion. He demands the hand of the daughter. Desolation follows. We conquer by the happy interposition of the dream. Nearly all the family in the meanwhile are slain. To give details would only be to commend some capital acting of a play that does not grip.

How do you like the refrain of my new song?" asked the youthful composer.

"Great!" exclaimed the long-suffering friend. "You should stick to refrains. In fact, if you were to refrain entirely the public would—"

But the youthful composer had sought refuge in flight.—Town Topics.

Queries Answered

The editor will endeavor to answer all reasonable questions. As our space is limited, no correspondent may ask more than three questions. Absolutely no address furnished. These and other queries connected with players' purely personal affairs will be ignored.

M. L., Kingston, N. Y.—Q.—What is meant by the term, "juvenile lead?" 2. Kindly give some account of Sarah Bernhardt's career.

A.—The young man who plays opposite the ingénue. He is next in importance to the leading man. 2. Sarah Bernhardt was born in Paris, on October 23, 1845. She was educated at the Convent de Grandchamps, Versailles, and entered as a pupil at the Conservatoire in 1860, winning prizes both for comedy and tragedy. She made her first appearance on the stage at the Théâtre Français in 1862, in Racine's "Iphigénie," subsequently appearing in "Valérie." In 1869, she made a hit at the Odéon in "Le Passant," and also played here Cordelia in "Lear," and the queen in "Ruy Blas," with great success. In 1872, she returned to the Comédie Française and was seen in "Phèdre," "Le Sphinx," "Hernani," etc. She made her first appearance in London at the Gaiety Theatre, June 2, 1879, scoring an instantaneous success. Her American début took place at Booth's Theatre, November 8, 1880, as Adrienne Lecouvreur. Since then she has paid many visits to England and America. In 1881, she assumed the management of the Ambigu Theatre, Paris. In 1888, she bought the Porte St. Martin, remained there three years; resumed the direction of that theatre some years later, and retained it until 1893, when she secured the Renaissance. In 1899, she purchased the old Théâtre des Nations, which she opened as the Théâtre Sarah Bernhardt. There she produced the principal pieces in her repertoire.

P. V. C., Omaha, Neb.—Q.—Will you inform me whether or not an autographed photograph of Pauline Frederick has appeared in THE THEATRE?

A.—We have published many full-page pictures of Miss Frederick, but none with her autograph.

E. B.—Q.—Kindly publish a short biography of the dancers, Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Castle. 2. What is Mrs. Castle going to appear in this season? 3. What is the price of the March, 1915, number?

A.—For a complete biography of the Castles, see our March, 1915, issue, "The Story of the Castles," by Elroy Foote, Mrs. Castle's mother. 2. "Patria," a new film serial. 3. 40c.

G. M. M.—Q.—Kindly publish the cast of E. H. Sothern's production of "Richelieu." 2. Is there any "Life of Julia Marlowe" on the market? 3. Did Miss Marlowe ever record one of the passages from her plays on a Victor record?

A.—Louis XIII, Sydney Mather; Duke of Orleans, Albert S. Howson; Cardinal Richelieu, E. H. Sothern; Baradas, Eric Blind; Adrian De Mauprat, Frederick Lewis; De Beringhen, Rowland Buckstone; Joseph, William Harris; Huguet, John Taylor; Francois, Harry Turnley; First Courtier, Milano Tilden; Captain of the Guard, Harry Rabon; First Secretary of State, Malcolm Bradley; Second Secretary of State, P. J. Kelly; Third Secretary of State, Frederick Roland; Julie De Mortemar, Gladys Hanson; Marion De Lorme, Virginia Hammond. 2. Not that we know of. 3. No.

D. H., New York City.—Q.—Is a play agent the best means of selling one's act plays? 2. Who are two or three of the best agents?

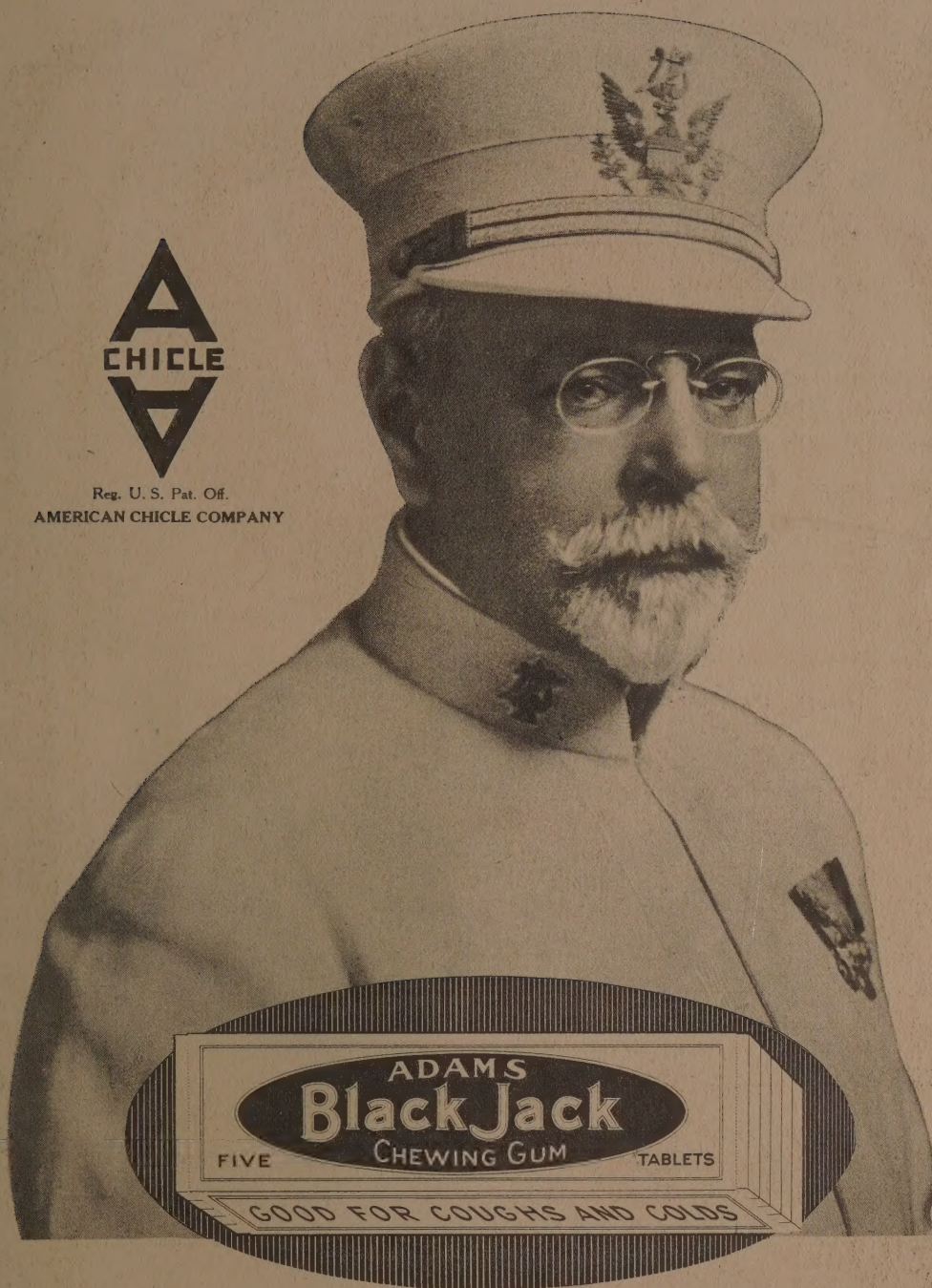
A.—It is a good way. Another method is to send the play direct to the manager. 2. John Rumsey, 33 West 42d St., Albee Kauser, 1402 Broadway.

Sheldon F. Eckfeld, Newark, O.—Q.—Please give the casts of "Oh, I Say!" and "When Dreams Come True." 2. When, where and by whom were they produced?

A.—"Oh, I Say!" was produced by the Messrs. Shubert at the Casino Theatre on October 30, 1913, with the following cast: Baptiste, Dick Temple; Count Buzot, Joseph W. Herbert; Julie, Lois Josephine; Gabrielle, Nellie King; Madam Portal, Jeffreys Lewis; Jules Portal, Walter Jones; Marcel Durant, Charles Meakins; Suzette, Alice Yorke; Henri, Joseph Phillips; Langley, Ray Dodge; Sidonie, Cecil Cunningham; Hugo, Wellington Cross; Walter, James Notos; Madeline, Olga Hempstone; Fifi, Marjory Lane; Mimi, Marion George; Elsie, Anna Berg; Claudine, Clara Palmer; Madam Pigache, Elizabeth Arians; Joseph, Tyler Brooke; Jacques Lavard, Dick Temple. "When Dreams Come True" was produced by Philip Bartholomae at the Lyric Theatre on August 18, 1913, with this cast: Sailor, Thomas Aiken; Hermann, Otto Shrader; Saronoff, Mrs. Hopkins-Davis-Story; Ann Mooney; Hercules Strong, Edward Garvie; Kean Hedges, Joseph Santley; Beth, Marie Flynn; Mrs. William Smith, Amelia Summerville; Margaret Smith, Ann Wheaton; Griggs, Clyde Hunnewell; Jerome K. Hedges, Frazier Coulter; Denny, Donald MacDonald; Matilda, May Vokes.



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